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Connoisseurs and Collectors

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CONTENTS

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Vol. XLII No. 249

November, 1945

	PAGE
Current Shows and Comments. By PERSPEX	253
Medieval and Modern Vision. Two Paintings of the Madonna and Child. By SAMUEL COURTAULD ..	255
Alcatra or San Francisco? Again	258
The Charlecote Cup. By CHARLES OMAN	259
Leaves from an Amateur's Diary. Part I. By CAPTAIN FRANK GILBEY	261
A Book on Far Eastern Ceramic Art reviewed by VICTOR RIENAECKER	266
Correspondence	272
Answers to Enquiries	273
The Desk and Small Bureau. By JOHN ELTON	274
On Aspects of Art. By HERBERT FURST	276
Chinese Porcelain : Fabulous Animals. By MRS. WILLOUGHBY HODGSON, F.R.S.A.	277
Sale Room Prices	278



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CURRENT SHOWS AND COMMENTS BY PERSPEX

"MAX" AND "BEN"

THE event of the month, for me, and, judging from a second visit, for a very great number of others, was the exhibition, at the Leicester Galleries, of *The Philip Guedalla Collection of Caricatures by Max Beerbohm*. Normally I try to make Corin's philosophy my own; *mutatis-mutandis*, I had almost written; my "ewes," I fondly fancy browsing over the wisdom I here dispense, and, like Corin, "envy no man's happiness." Still, I cannot help but envy the happiness of "Max" which radiates from his caricatures and sheds its reflection upon those who con-

template them, and has done so for more than a generation. There is a self-portrait in this show of his with the caption: "They call me the inimitable, and the incomparable, and the sprightly and whimsical . . . I wonder if I am." Well, you are, Max! You are! and especially "the inimitable and the incomparable." Max, it is true, does "imitate" his style; but he never repeats himself; and "incomparable" he is, except in comparison with himself—from whom he sometimes seems to differ—yet *plus ça change* one might say *plus c'est la même chose*, the *chose*, however, being his uniqueness. Max is not a caricaturist, he is not, decidedly not, what the professional generally means by the word *draughtsman*; he is not a "cartoonist" (to use an almost unpardonably stupid word); one could go on in this way of negative definition. For instance, he is not a Tiepolo, a Patch, a Rowlandson, a Gavarni, a Daumier, an "Ape" or a "Spy," or a Tenniel or a Partridge or a Low, and so on and on. Were one to try to define him positively without saying the obvious, namely, that he is himself, I should feel prompted to explain him as a *sport* of nature: a Restoration character, a Wit born out of his time; but more than a wit: an aristocrat whose philosophy forbids him, in his Horatian contempt for the vulgar to whatever social class they may belong, to let others know how *serious* he is, and how his fastidious taste and respect for perfect manners does not allow him to bludgeon, only to prod with a small sword—his audience, I mean. The degree to which he may hurt his "victims," upon occasion, will depend less on the thickness of their skin than on the tenderness of their self-knowledge. But what a commentary on a period these comments constitute! They are both literary and pictorial. I think it was Roger Fry who described the primitive artist as being occupied with drawing a contour round an idea. In that sense Max is a primitive—only his "contours" present a *précis*, a summing up of his victims, of what Blake would call their "spiritual form" as it shines through their material, their sartorial substance. One must not forget that in the late Victorian and Edwardian eras *dress* meant much more than it does to-day. To-day his older contemporaries probably relish his art more than the younger generation, which can hardly visualize what, shall we say, his series of "Political Types" implied, or a Lord Rosebery or a Solly Joel, not to mention such artistic lumina as George Moore, Le Gallienne, Aubrey Beardsley, or Oscar Wilde, or the relationship of Queen Victoria to her son—except what they have read in books; and

this significance, this aspect of his career—of the other I am not qualified to speak—will grow with the years. "Good show, Max," if I may be forgiven this Blimpish vulgarism.

Apologizing for my presumption in implying that I am qualified to speak on any subject—though all qualification needs qualifying—I have to add another for writing on "*A Phase of Contemporary Swedish Art*," an exhibition at Wildenstein's organized by the Swedish Institute. Here I must beg further leave to stray—for a moment—from my subject: Art. The war,

just ended, I would remind those who may have already forgotten it perhaps, began so laudably on an ideological plane. The other "nations" in the end, rallied to us, not because we were fighting a *nation* but an *idea*, not the Germans but those who represented an idea, to wit, the Nazi's form of *Weltanschauung*. Now that the atomic bomb has stunned even Bellona, the "nations" are fighting, struggling fiercely not for anything but against a plain fact: Civilization. That is to say, against the idea that, so far as humanity is concerned, what separates the "nations" is of more moment than what unites them. Strange and lamentable; yet there it is.

To speak of Swedish Art must in the circumstances be left to those who know all about Swedishness in art. From such we learn that "the Swede is apt to think that a strong and moderate form with a sparing use of ornament, a sober classicism best corresponds to our national cast. . . . The Finns and the Danes are inclined instead to describe us as coldly fond of display with a feeling for representative pomp"; and it seems the Norwegians think that the Swedes "dream away realities in 'a decorative formula,' are bad psychologists, and show but little interest in the social struggle." We learn, however, also, that Swedish artists have, time and again, "sought contact with the French art movement." The German contact with "Expressionism" is hardly mentioned. On the other hand, at least one artist, the Sculptor Carl Milles, has felt "impulses" from many different directions; from "Rodin's impressionism to ancient Egyptian, to baroque and even to ancient American" sources. So one sees, however

much youthful, lusty nationalism tries to drive out poor old international civilization, she will always return. So, without pretending to know more about contemporary Art in Sweden than this particular "phase" divulges, I would salute in Sven Erixson an individual artist whose work seems to possess a distinct *flavour* which one can fully accept as Swedish; namely, a love of lusty colour and vital *shapes*; I avoid the word forms because they suggest three-dimensional illusion, feigned "solidity"—not a particularly strong point in this "phase." Whereas Erixson produces luminous patterns, a rather happy phrase, this, since I find it confirmed by the catalogue note, which states that he has lately "also devoted himself to stained-glass painting and theatrical decor." Perhaps here there is some impulse from the Russian Roerich (with a suspiciously German sounding name)? However that may be, Erixson's jolly, humorous "Camping Place," with



"THE RARE, THE RATHER AWFUL VISITS OF ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, TO WINDSOR CASTLE"

A typical drawing by MAX BEERBOHM from the Philip Guedalla Collection at The Leicester Galleries. PERSPEX's choice for the Picture of the Month.

boots and stockings hung on a stunted birch, and its light green, yellow, pale blue and white colour scheme, and the equally humorous "The American's House," with the accents of deeper, more sonorous and powerful colours look to me distinctly Swedish in their gaiety. The earlier "Feast of Corpus Christi" evokes something of the *douanier* Rousseau's naïveté in drawing; whilst the "Morning in Lisbon" has something of Gauguin's sensuousness. Next in favour with me is Ragnar Sandberg's "Shadows of Houses." It, too, shows a sense of humour in its apparently careless and childlike statements of facts, such as silhouettes of figures, parapets, lamp-posts, balcony railings and overhead tram wires; but its somewhat surprising title points to a colouristic subtlety: the houses are in shadow, but the shadows are light, a sort of *oscuro-chiaro*, and lovely in colour. Next comes Otte Sköld with "View from Montmartre" of 1925 and "The Horse Market" and "At the Close of Day" of 1943 and 1944. These three pictures illustrate a complete change in the artist's outlook. The "Montmartre" picture inevitably evokes Utrillo, but a neater, tidier, almost English Raphaelite in finish; the "Horse Market," except for an Axel Munthe-like touch of evening glow, recalls peasant art naïveté, which in the "Close of Day" suggests, in ruggedness of form, coloured peasant art carving. These two last pictures have a distinctly "Swedish" flavour. This coloured carving, but actually in wood, distinguishes Brot Hjorth's "Gethsemane," though in the "Amorous Group" it seems to me a sophisticated affectation; in its revolt against classical it has become simply "bad" form. I much prefer Ivar Johnson's straightforward "old-fashioned" bronzes, "Woman by the Sea" and "Fleeing Woman," full of animation and movement in the honourably academic sense. His static "Man with Shetland-wool Jersey" suffers, I think, from its awkward size. Vera Nilsson's oil painting "Baby Writes" is a child study of admirable psychological intensity, marred only by the brown "all-oneish" colour. Of all of the others, Curt Clemens, Eric Grate, Isaac Grunewald, Karl Isakson, Carl Kylberg, Axel Nilsson, Hugo Zühr and Hilding Linnquist one would have something appreciative to say; but they do not move me, in spite of Nilsson's Munch-like harassing "Old Man on his Sickbed," or Linnquist's best picture, "The Madhouse Garden" of 1917. I am not sure that it is not, in general, the absence of a fully considered aim and a certain lack of poise, a want of tranquillity, even in manipulation, that distinguishes all these pictures. But then, that is not especially Swedish—it is typical of our World sickness.

Owing to the constant, unceasing reference one finds all around one to questions of race and nationality, these things are threatening to become an obsession. So, for example, one enters exhibitions of art nowadays wondering about and seeking to study irrelevancies. Art is either good, or bad, perhaps very good or very bad—or just indifferent. Sometimes, however, it is "very English" or "very French," or, whilst the "very" is pronounced, the "what" is difficult to determine. Last month, for instance, I was struck by the "very"-ness of Hans Tisdall's paintings shown at the Leger Galleries. Their art was very decorative, but not quite "English" in colour or design, which was attractive and often amusing, especially in the "Fishing Village" with toy houses and skeleton wrecks of boats as their motif. The artist's name was given as Hans Tisdall. He has, I hear, done very well with this exhibition. That's all I know about him. I think he deserves his success; but it has left me wondering just why these pleasant, flat decorative designs with their affinities with embroidery and textiles should not look "English." This exhibition is now succeeded by the Memorial Exhibition of paintings by the late Fairlie Harmar, who, I am now learning for the first time, was the widow of the 7th Viscount Haberton. For years I had thought of her work as a man's, it is so well controlled. Someone in the room thought her painting looked "very Victorian." How the perspective of the past shrinks! as if one were looking through the wrong end of a pair of opera glasses, which makes even the nearest middle-distance look miles away. Fairlie Harmar is, of course, not Victorian, Edwardian, or so much as pre-1914. An excellent painter in the New English School with a special gift for the rendering of breezy atmosphere of the English landscape. A friend and contemporary of Ethel Walker, she was one of our best woman painters; yet her so English art was *qua impressionist*, a French derivative, which itself was an English derivative.

So we come to the Memorial Exhibition of Paintings by Frederick J. Porter—a New Zealander who "came to Paris to study painting"—at Julian's, and never went back to his native soil. Instead he settled in England and became a member of the London Group. But there is nothing "modern" in his work, unless it be his manner of making his "statements" in which

the painting is half drawing, and vice versa, of course. He had a lovely personal sense of colour, which was to be seen at its most exquisite, perhaps, in a picture of a "Snowy Road."

At the Redfern Gallery there were shown a most charming collection of leaves from the sketchbook of Constantin Guys; "very French," of course; no Englishman ever sketched horses and women—a certain type of horse and a certain type of woman—as he did. Yet there was in this show one exception: a "Head of a Girl"; a different type altogether, and drawn in quite a different way. Somehow it gave one the feeling that this one drawing opened a window into his real self, the one that lay silently dreaming when his hand was busy with his elegant formulae of men, women, horses and carriages.

At the same Gallery was an exhibition of paintings by Jean-Georges Simon, born in Trieste, and exhibiting chiefly in Belgium and Switzerland; but his training in Paris of the pre-1914 is obvious. His best paintings here are abstract designs suggesting moonlit blue glass or green glass stained windows. One, similarly treated but called "Journey," creates a similar effect of stained glass with the slits of green and red in the general darkness hinting at traffic lights. I find these "nocturnes" and "compositions" pleasing, if superficial, and the brighter coloured landscapes lacking in concentration.

Likewise at the Redfern Gallery are the extraordinary, rather "uncanny," pictures by Maeve Gilmore, the wife of Mervyn Peake, which perhaps explains this effect. "Figures at a Window," "The Piano" and "The Two Cats" are typical of her mind, which is that of an authentic visionary, expressing itself in colour and "significant shapes," but representative ones, not abstractions.

And this brings me to the Ben Nicholson "Paintings and Reliefs, 1939-1945" at the Lefevre Gallery. A gentleman and a lady, by which I mean two apparently cultured people, happened to enter the Exhibition simultaneously with me, and within two seconds I overheard the man say: "I don't think this is our 'cup of tea'!" Obviously it wasn't, for they had disappeared before I had had time to look at a single one of these "reliefs." Well, I looked at them all, with more or less intensity and absorption, lingering longest over one that had about as little "content" as an empty box; it might, in fact, for all the difference it would have made to the "cup of tea" couple, been an empty white box opened up and laid flat on a white board. It was a matter of stark rectangular and circular shapes, diversified by the light and shade of the very small degree of relief. And there flashed across my mind these words: "Of course this is not 'a cup of tea' at all, nor coffee, nor whisky, nor beer, but it is most excellent beverage, a refreshing drink of icy-cold mountain-spring water—and what a relief! What a relief" from the tortured world with its problems all reflected in the other "movements" in art: the functionalists, and the idealists, the realists and the romantic, the surrealists and the naturalists, the nationalizers and the free-enterprisers. Here you have platonic fundamentals, the incorruptibly straight line, and the perfect circle. Of course, Nicholson's are not all as abstract as that. Nature—like Civilization above mentioned—comes back, even in this exhibition though in a simplified manner, sometimes so ascetic that it is no more than *texture*, a sensible rather than an intellectual quality. The only hint of topical events is the occasional intrusion of the Union Jack, or the white ensign—though not very like them at that. Sometimes he plays with children like a child, with toylike houses in a toylike landscape. Still, one's greatest relief comes from precisely those works of art in which he has eschewed even the freehand or the touch of colour. Ben Nicholson has renounced the world, the flesh and the devil with a vengeance, and coming at this moment in history, the contemplation of such austerity becomes a veritable—I must repeat it again—a veritable relief, filling one with a sort of Buddhistic, nihilistic calm—and understanding.

With deepest regret we have to record the sudden death on October 16th last of Herbert Furst, the distinguished Art critic.

The world of Art, and APOLLO readers in particular, have suffered a serious loss of a notable contributor to the progress of the understanding of Art, and there are hitherto unnoticed artists who will long remember his interest and understanding of their work.

An appreciation of Herbert Furst will appear in our next issue.

MEDIAEVAL AND MODERN VISION

TWO PAINTINGS OF THE MADONNA AND CHILD

BY SAMUEL COURTAULD

ONLY sixty years or so elapsed between the painting of these two pictures, whose differences mark the almost complete break between mediæval and modern—or renaissance—vision.

The first, now attributed to Arcangelo di Cola, was exhibited on loan for some years in the National Gallery of Scotland in Edinburgh under the name of Taddeo Gaddi; the second, by Filippino Lippi, is one of the rarest treasures of the Uffizi Gallery in Florence.

Art historians have described both as "charming little works," a phrase which conveys a half-deprecating suggestion of apology as if charm were officially out of place in serious art;—or even, perhaps, implied that they have nothing much more to recommend them. Yet both are works of great artistic accomplishment, and one of them is charged with deep emotion. Moreover, if charm is raised to the nth degree without any tinge of insincerity, it takes a very high place in the rank of æsthetic qualities by its own intrinsic right. To cast a charm or spell over spectator or the audience is one of the triumphs of art; a work which never does this can hardly claim to be art at all.

Arcangelo di Cola da Camerino was a painter of the Marches, working chiefly in his native province, and this picture was probably painted about 1420. It is a late primitive work, almost wholly Gothic in execution, design and sentiment. Very characteristic are the predominantly vertical lines; Mother and Child form part of a tall steeple; their arms are the internal cross-braces of the structure. The colour-scheme, of which no reproduction can give any idea, is exceptionally rich and beautiful. The Madonna's cloak is slaty blue, with something of the shade of a raven's wing but not so dark; the lining of the cloak is light green and the Child's dress is lemon yellow. Still more striking is the gamut of reds: four shades, ranging from the dark crimson fabric of the gold-embroidered cushion, through the full red of the Madonna's gown, to the two lighter shades of the painted throne—the last of these being salmon-pink. The colour of the throne and its purely non-functional construction remind one of some of the most modern by-ways of painting. The background is gold, and gold is used with great delicacy in all the embroidered patterns. The whole painting has a jewel-like quality.

Perhaps the most remarkable part of the design is the exuberant wave given to the borders of the cloak. Here Arcangelo, leaving early Gothic calligraphy far behind, seems to have overleapt two or three centuries and landed right in the middle of the Baroque. This billowing line is a formalized flight of imagination, with no relationship to realistic truth or to function. The folds could not have fallen into these curves of themselves, nor could they have retained them for many seconds without the utmost care.

The sentiment underlying the work is markedly Gothic. One has an impression that Mother and Child are well-born personages with a long aristocratic tradition behind them; this Madonna is sweet and thoughtful as well as refined, but she seems aware—if only subcon-

sciously—of her noble, or at least her official, standing, and the Child appears to realize his high calling and the fearful obligations of privilege. Arcangelo doubtless absorbed some such conventional outlook from the social and religious atmosphere of his time. He may have been a devout and sincere Christian, but one does not feel much direct human experience or keen personal emotion here.

Filippino Lippi's *Mother and Child* differs from Arcangelo's in almost everything except charm and simplicity. It is probably an early work of the artist, but although painted only about half a century after the other, and a few miles away, one feels that the brain and the vision behind it belong to a different order of beings.

By comparison with the Arcangelo it is almost pure naturalism. The design, though wholly adequate to its purpose, is so little organized as to be practically non-existent. The folds of the Virgin's cloak are but very slightly formalized, while the background of the picture might be a carefully selected photograph, except that the individual plants and trees are treated conventionally. The colours are simple and unexciting; traditional blue and red for the Virgin's robes, and brown and green for trees and herbage. The general tone is light, and the Virgin's hair and skin are very fair; this, I think, is apt to give, at a distance, a false impression of mere sentimental prettiness. The picture does not "carry" to advantage among darker and more heavily painted works, so that the visitor may pass it by without realizing its unique quality. In an isolated, or well-balanced but intimate, setting it would be instantaneously bewitching. Even so it would not yield its deepest secrets at first glance; like many other great works of art, it demands quiet and concentrated contemplation at close quarters. (This picture, compared with the other, loses but little in the reproduction; indeed, I believe that the dark monochrome allows the depth and intensity of the underlying emotion to strike the eye more quickly than the colours of the original permit when seen in their usual surroundings.)

Though the whole design is so simple, the pose and position of both Mother and Child are perfect; the Baby is irresistibly natural, and the drawing of the Virgin's face, neck and hands is far more sensitive than Arcangelo's work—indeed, no later artist, right down to to-day, could have painted them with greater delicacy.

But quite as striking as the divergence in manner and execution is the difference in feeling between the two pictures. Filippino's work is charged with delicate insight and personal emotion, and it is difficult to find words to denote the level he has attained in depicting the bonds, human and divine, between Mother and Child. This exquisite Mother belongs to no class and no epoch; here is an individual but timeless soul, freed of all worldly interest and utterly devoid of self-consciousness, and every beholder may draw something to quicken his own imagination from the spiritual currents passing here, almost visibly, between Her and Her Babe. I do not propose to explore the vistas, earthly or unearthly, which are opened up; each can do that for himself.



MOTHER AND CHILD by ARCANGELO DI COLA



MOTHER AND CHILD by FILIPPINO LIPPI

ALCATRAZ OR SAN FRANCISCO?—AGAIN

Perhaps such a work as this is poetry rather than visual art; if it is what is called "literary painting," then the more literature of this quality we have in our pictures the better. Mere fabricated sentiment inevitably betrays its lack of fundamental sincerity, and is rightly stigmatized as sentimentality. But the pure emotion with which this picture overflows is not deliberately cultivated; it wells spontaneously from the artist's heart.

Not very much is known of Filippino's life. He died in 1503 at the age of 47, and was the devoted husband of a young wife. His own origin was romantic, for he was the offspring of the famous painter, Fra Lippo Lippi and the nun Lucrezia Buti; it is said that his parents obtained a dispensation to marry after the child's birth. With such a history the son may well have cherished a specially romantic feeling for his mother, and have been inspired thereby in painting this picture.

It is doubtful whether the greatest painter imaginable could combine in one work an arresting masterpiece of design and such delicate intensity of human emotion as is shown in this picture; one interest would kill the other, and Filippino was surely right to concentrate on what he could do so wonderfully. His justification is the perfection with which his brush expresses transcendental thoughts and feelings for which even the most beautiful words could be but a clumsy medium by comparison.

Here, then, we have two works, one of which strikes us chiefly by its form, the other by its content. The first, with its formalized but flowing design and brilliant symphony of colour, will appeal most to the artist who realizes his keenest emotions through his cultivated visual sense: the depth of human and spiritual feeling in the second will captivate the layman who looks on painting, sculpture and music as different forms of wordless poetry. Yet each of these pictures contains enough of the complementary quality to entitle it to a place in the ranks of the highest art, which must be wrought of form and content together.

BOOK REVIEW

THE ARTISTS OF THE WINCHESTER BIBLE. With forty-four Reproductions of details from their Work, and an Introduction. By WALTER OAKESHOTT. Pp. 22, Pl. xlv. London: Faber & Faber. 1945. 10s. 6d. net.

The magnificent Bible preserved in the Library of Winchester Cathedral is one of the greatest surviving masterpieces of English art of the XIIth century. It was never completed—a very plausible reason for this is given in the work under review—but the existence of unfinished pictures and initials side by side with completed miniatures has enabled the High Master of St. Paul's School to produce a penetrating study of the artists who worked on its decoration. Mr. Oakeshott has identified at least six masters and several other assistants who appear to have been employed on the completion of the miniatures. Their work seems to have been spread over a considerable period—from perhaps as early as 1140 until after 1200. As a result the decorations form a valuable survey of a period of rapid artistic change. The earliest show Romanesque at its finest—powerful, formal and yet with an astonishing power of portraying movement. The next phase is marked by strong Byzantine influence and may date from about 1165, while the latest master, working perhaps at the turn of the century, shows clearly the transition from Byzantine to Gothic art. A most interesting feature is the number of initials in which an earlier design has subsequently been painted over by a later artist, and this is well brought out by the excellent reproductions. The publishers and printer are to be congratulated on the admirable layout of the text and references of a book which whets the appetite for the full publication of the paintings and drawings of the Winchester Bible foreshadowed in the preface.

H. M. N.

UNDER the above heading APOLLO—in the last number—"shot an arrow into the air"—a plea for the co-ordinated planning of cultural centres under an international cosmopolis. For all the evidence we have to the contrary, this arrow may still be travelling on the crest of some cosmic ray into the infinite. But that was not our intention. We are concerned with this earth and the here and now everywhere upon it; we wanted it to fall to earth. Moreover, we knew that our arrow was substantially flighted, not with airy dreams and vague notions, but with solid gravitational facts rescued from the muddy current of topical events; but, we confess, we did not ourselves realize how urgent and pressing the matter has become in the flow of a few short weeks. We therefore make no apology for shooting a second arrow in the hope that it may not yet be too late.

It was, for instance, an encouraging sign that the Carnegie Trust has provided £100,000 to help "Villages wishing to build halls for social and educational use under a scheme announced by the National Council of Social Service"—an excellent beginning on the national plane.

At the other end, on the higher international plane, there are also significant ideas in the air concerned with the foundation of an international Cosmopolis for the new world organization. One reads, *inter alia*, in the daily and weekly press that "America is talking of creating an international area to be leased to this organization" and also that "a strong feeling exists in favour of using the buildings of the old League of Nations at Geneva provided that Switzerland agrees to internationalize the territory required for the new World Security Organization."

Events seem to be marching fast, but there are disquieting signs that they may be taking the wrong turning because the peoples of this world of ours have not yet fully realized on what World Security depends. If they did there could be no talk of leasing an area, and still less of returning to poor old, cold, draughty and discredited Geneva, from which the miasma of power politics will, one fears, never be removable—for all the attraction which its two million pound Palace of Nations may have for economic and diplomatic specialists.

If it be—unfortunately—true that "we are now entering upon a period in which the world is going to be largely dominated by science," to quote the words of a Leeds Professor, we are certainly entering upon it ill equipped with a knowledge of art, and of the greatest of all arts; to wit, the art of living together.

We have a lot to learn and re-learn yet in that respect. It should never have been possible, for instance, for scientists to claim that they bear no responsibility for the uses to which they have put science. To split the atom is science; to make a bomb with that science is part of war—that is to say, the art of *not* living together.

We have a lot to learn yet. World Security depends not on states or nations, not on race or religion, but on the social behaviour of every individual.

Just as in Kipling's "Gunga Din," we see the reflection of a mind still surprised by the fact that an Indian is a "White" man after all, so we find something of that surprise in Charlie Collins, the Negro leader of the American Federation of Labour, who, as recently reported in a newspaper, discovered that the Duke of Windsor is "a grand, a real swell guy," just because the one-time King of England talked to him and his colleagues in Paris as *man to man*.

If there is one crime of which every single individual, even the vilest, is innocent it is that of race, colour or place of birth, and none should be made to suffer for such qualifications—or to enjoy privileges on their account alone. We have a lot to learn about the "man for a' that" yet—if we really wish to acquire the art of living together.

Hence the pressing need for centres, all over the civilized world, where that master art can and should be cultivated, since it is art alone which knows no racial, national, or "class" standards. That great Russian, Tolstoy, went even so far as to measure the quality of art by the degree to which it united people.

Life, one may perhaps say, is a game, a great game—to the Greeks games were a symbol of their unity—which at present is being played without rules acknowledged by all. It is such rules which humanity is now so painfully trying to draw up. Only we are not yet even agreed as to the kind of game we want to play.

(Continued on page 271)

THE CHARLECOTE CUP

BY CHARLES OMAN

SO little silver of the reign of Henry VIII has come down to us that the discovery of a fresh piece cannot fail to be of interest. The credit for recognizing the cup here illustrated is due to Mr. H. Clifford Smith, who came across it whilst making a report on Charlecote Park, Stratford-upon-Avon, for the National Trust, which will open this historic house to the public in the coming year. By the courtesy of the representative in England of the owner, Sir Montgomerie Fairfax-Lucy, Bart.,

decorated with a band of strapwork cast from a repeating stamp.

The cup obviously belongs to a well-known variety, some of which have covers, but others of which (like the present example) certainly never had. They are usually known as "font-shaped cups," but this is not an ancient name, and their flatness appears to have been the feature which struck the makers of the contemporary inventories. Thus in 1536 we find amongst the effects of Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond and natural son of



THE CHARLECOTE CUP

London hall-mark for 1524-5

The property of Sir Montgomerie Fairfax-Lucy, Bart.

I am allowed to reproduce what are probably the only photographs which have ever been made of the cup. It bears an unrecorded maker's mark, apparently a comet, and the London hall-mark for 1524-5. Like most secular Tudor plate, it is gilt (alas! the inside of the bowl has been electro-gilt), and it stands 4½ inches high and has a diameter of 5½ inches, and weighs 19 ounces. The inside of the bowl is decorated with a species of honeycomb pattern, which is found not infrequently on cups and standing dishes made about this date. The side of the cup is engraved with ten ovals of which half enclose conventional foliage, and the remainder contain respectively a hedgehog, a monster, a coursing hound, a monkey washing at a fountain, and a couchant monster of an unidentifiable species. The stem is chased in "ffeder fashion," as it is described in the 1520 inventory of King Henry's plate. The foot has raised lobes and a moulded base

Henry VIII, "a Cuppe with cover, gilt, flatt, pounced fether fashion, and upon the knoppe the Kinges armes . . . XXX oz. III qrs." We also get numerous references to "flat peces" from the middle of the XVth century onwards, and it is possible that these vessels also went under that heading.

Seventeen flat cups are now known and they bear hall-marks ranging from 1500 to 1694. All except two, however, can be dated within the XVIth century, and of the two exceptions one is certainly only a copy made in 1662 of the Bodkin Cup of 1525 belonging to the City of Portsmouth. The latest example was presented to Plumpton Church, Northants, and is rather devoid of character, possibly owing to being only a copy of some earlier piece in the donor's possession.

The decade to which the Charlecote Cup belongs is important in the history of English silver for being the one in which the



DETAILS OF OVAL, showing a monster

change-over from Gothic to Renaissance ornament begins to be visible. Actually the earliest reference so far noted, to a piece of silver made in England in the Renaissance style goes back to 1518, and is found in the accounts of the plate supplied to Wolsey by his silversmith, Robert Amadas. In May of that year he provided "oon high Crosse, this Crosse was made new after the fashion of the Crosse of the Cardynall Campegie of silvar and parcell gilte." We may be quite sure that Wolsey would not have deigned to imitate the Italian cardinal unless he was convinced that the latter was far ahead in point of taste and fashion. At any rate, two years later we find amongst King Henry's plate "a Salte parcell gilte well wrought with a naked Child with wingis oon the knoppe." Clearly cupids were not yet recognized at court! The rather puzzling salt with Renaissance details at Goldsmiths' Hall comes in 1522.

If we examine the Charlecote Cup in detail we find that it is a curious blending of the old and new styles. The decoration of the stem is still entirely late Gothic. There is a strong suggestion of the Renaissance in the animal subjects engraved round the bowl, but printed designs for silversmiths, which might have been copied in 1524 are rare. It is also rather late for the influence of the bestiaries and early for the books of emblems which were so much copied later on in the century. The narrow band of strapwork round the base, however, must almost certainly have been copied from a

printed design. It is interesting to note particularly that it differs in this respect from the two flat cups nearest to it in date, the 1521 example once in the Dunn Gardner Collection and now belonging to Mr. L. H. Wilson, and the 1525 Bodkin Cup at Portsmouth. In neither of these cups is there any essentially Renaissance feature, and the tiny band of decoration round the base consists of floral sprays entirely medieval in character.

Few will dispute that the earliest and entirely Gothic flat cups are also the most pleasing. The Renaissance silversmiths never produced anything so satisfactory as the Campion Cup (1500) at the Victoria and Albert Museum, the Cressener Cup (1503) at Goldsmiths' Hall, or the cup (1515) at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. The main defect of the Charlecote Cup is its clumsy stem, a feature common also to the celebrated cup presented in 1574 by Peter Peterson, the best known of the Norwich silversmiths, to that city.

It is much to be regretted that nothing whatever is known of the history of the Charlecote Cup. What appears to be the only clue are the initials

R E pounced under the bowl in the style of the XVIIth century. I have not traced any marriage between a Lucy and a family having the initial E, but perhaps a search of the family trees of the Lucy wives might provide the solution.



DETAILS OF OVAL, showing Monkey washing at a fountain



DETAILS OF OVAL showing a Coursing Hound

Private Collectors may come across the specimens they are seeking with the help of a small advertisement in the Collectors' Quests column. The price is 30/- for three insertions in successive issues of about four or five lines. Single insertions are 12/6 each, but three or more are advised. Particulars of the specimen required should be sent to the Advertising Manager, 34 Glebe Road, Barnes, London, S.W.13. Telephone: Prospect 2044.

ARMORIAL BEARINGS

Readers who may wish to identify British armorial bearings on portraits, plate or china, should send a full description and a photograph or drawing, or, in the case of silver, a careful rubbing. IN NO CASE MUST THE ORIGINAL ARTICLE BE SENT. No charge is made for replies.

LEAVES FROM AN AMATEUR'S DIARY

BY CAPTAIN FRANK GILBEY

PART I.

CURIOSITY is said to have killed the cat; it has certainly never harmed a collector. Fortified with a liberal helping of curiosity, an occasional pick at the dealer's brains and the addition of a certain amount of common sense, the amateur will find himself fairly well nourished to face and negotiate the many obstacles to be met on the journey. Whether or not I can be said to have thrived on these rations is a matter of opinion; certain it is I have enjoyed the ride; and in spite of an occasional tumble here and there which has had no serious consequence I find myself still in the saddle.

Next to a good day's sport, a successful hunt in pursuit of some addition to the collection, or a pry into that of another, I find an entertaining alternative. For obvious reasons the opportunities afforded to view collections of interest are unfortunately few. Many there must be both of an important and of a modest nature, and whilst some are dealt with occasionally in one or other of the art journals, this is as a rule professionally executed. Seldom is the subject dealt with by the amateur collector himself. An exchange of views and ideas amongst collectors is always instructive and I hope this article will encourage others of a similar nature with illustrations of their possessions. Such a series would, I feel, create widespread interest and make a welcome change from the usual and somewhat dry technical jargon with illustrations of rare and expensive pieces outside the province of all small collectors.



Fig. II. MAHOGANY BOW-FRONT SIDEBOARD, 4 ft. long, 1 ft. 9 in. wide

GEO. I BRASS SPICE BOX with interior fittings
PAIR BRASS-BOUND JARDINIERES



Fig. I. MAHOGANY BUREAU BOOKCASE, cylindrical tambour fall, slide, and adjustable rest. Width 3 ft.

It is a mistaken idea that collecting is necessarily a hobby for people of unlimited means, rather as it turns out, has it been one of the wise. It is equally a fallacy to assume that a collection is without interest unless it contains articles of great value. The field is open to all and sundry and contains a sufficient variety to satisfy each and every taste. I hold the view, however, that to avoid a meaningless jumble every collection, whether large or small, rare or modest, must follow some definite lines if a satisfactory result is to be achieved. A similar process in fact to that applied to a pack of hounds or a herd of cattle. Here we like to see them of a type, level, each bearing relationship one to the other and reflecting the individuality of the owner or breeder, not as is so often the case, all of different breeds, shapes and colours. And so with a collection, uniformity especially in a small one will be found greatly to enhance its appearance.

When starting from scratch there is always the choice of two alternatives, either to complete the business of furnishing one's house as quickly as possible by a visit to one of the large furnishing establishments and leaving it at that, or by adopting the more lengthy process of searching for period things, the disappointments of which method being more than offset by the endless entertainment derived. Anyone about to embark on the latter policy will have his own idea as to what a collector should be and shape his collection accordingly, suiting his plan, his pocket and his surroundings.

The collector who dares to give his views and opinions on this difficult subject, illustrating such an article from his own collection,

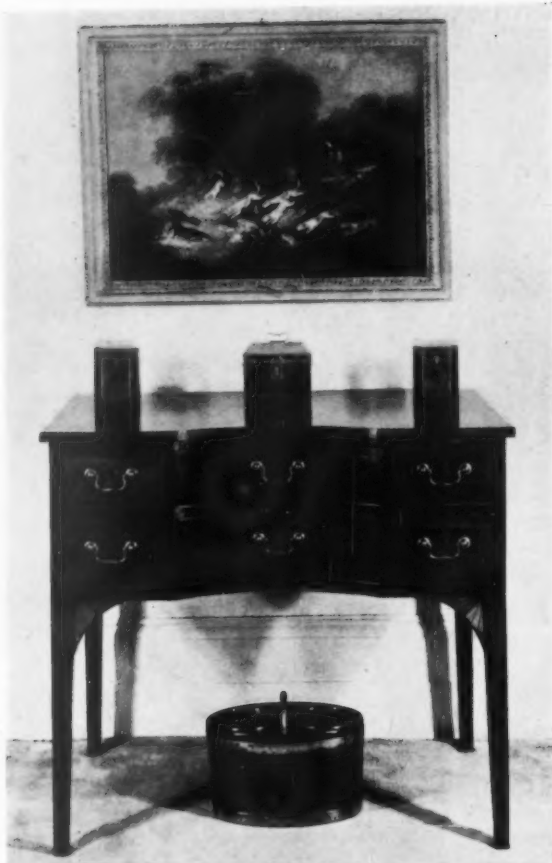


Fig. III. MAHOGANY SIDEBOARD with convex front and six drawers, the lower centre one fitted, 3 ft. long, 1 ft. 10 in. wide
SPORTING PAINTING, "Epping Forest Stag Hunt." D. WOLSTENHOLME, 1757-1837
EARLY BRASS CADDY
PAIR YEWOOD CADDIES, 4½ in. high
A MAHOGANY BRASS-BOUND 2-BOTTLE WINE COOLER (one of a pair)

is liable to be accused of an attempt to lay down the law. This is certainly not my intention. One person's meat is another's poison, and the question of what is and what is not desirable is one that can only be decided by individual taste. My particular preferences are open to criticism which, with alternative ideas, will no doubt be freely expressed and looked forward to in subsequent issues of APOLLO.

Specializing in a particular branch to the exclusion of everything else has never appealed to me—for instance, a few pieces of highly extravagant furniture surrounded by horrors, or a collection of valuable china housed in unsightly modern cabinets. To become a general collector of anything desirable on a modest scale appeared to me the more attractive proposition and one which offered far wider scope. In my case any decisions are governed by a kind of principle that a pair of brass candlesticks of a good design and genuine are preferable to an inferior pair of silver ones, and that a simple piece of furniture in original condition is more desirable than one presumably superior but of poor colour and possessing carving of inferior quality. In the choice of small pieces of mahogany furniture as the mainstay, I was influenced by the following factors. In mahogany of the simple order; better quality and craftsmanship exists than in the less expensive pieces of other types. Both oak and walnut can be very rough, whilst satinwood, marquetry, and continental furniture, unless of first quality, have a shoddy appearance. These mahogany pieces not being considered of great importance are rarely tampered with and are, in consequence, more likely to be genuine. They are better suited, as a rule, to the small country house on account of their particularly English character, and, moreover, are

not so subject to the changes which from time to time fashion dictates. There is always a steady demand for such furniture and its value, never very high, thus remains more constant. That of the more fanciful type of furniture, when out of favour, has a nasty habit of decreasing in value, so to speak, overnight.

A collection of unimportant furniture needs, however, something more to recommend it before it can be considered interesting, and for this reason specimens which on account of some individuality differed from the ordinary run were eagerly sought, particular attention being paid to colour and details which constitute original condition. Brass bound articles with bibulous associations I can never resist. These and other oddments therefore play a prominent part.

Few people will admit to knowing nothing about antiques, yet the number of amateurs who take the trouble to learn the business, even where it concerns their own particular fancy, are scarce. It is but a hobby we know, but as with other pastimes and recreations the more proficient we become the greater the pleasure and measure of success attained. Unlike the professional there is a tendency amongst amateurs to regard collecting as a kind of glorified hunt for bargains. Over a period of years bargains certainly turn up, rarely however to begin with and before we have learned to appreciate what constitutes a bargain and to realize when an article may be dear at a fiver and cheap at fifty. To set out with the object of finding a special piece for a particular purpose disregarding anything else that may turn up during the search is a common fault with the beginner and one which will cause many desirable small things to be overlooked. Nothing comes amiss to the general collector, but patience is generally rewarded, the right thing turning up when least expected. The real collector will never make do, always biding his time until the best of its kind in his own particular category turns up. Such a piece he will immediately recognize, but the cost, though in all probability rather more than he had anticipated, is unlikely to be regretted, and a later bargain or two will no doubt help to balance out things in the end. The beginner must remember that just as the horse dealer is not in business to provide a first class hunter



Fig. IV. BACHELOR'S MAHOGANY KNEE-HOLE DRESSING-TABLE with top drawer at each side. 2 ft. 6 in. long
MAHOGANY and GESSO BOX MIRROR

LEAVES FROM AN AMATEUR'S DIARY

for the price of a rough pony, so neither is the antique dealer there to produce something for nothing.

In our early days we are inclined to fight shy of what are thought to be the more expensive establishments, but I have found from experience that with modest pieces these are as likely to be found here as elsewhere. There is much of the "General Post" when it comes to furniture; what one dealer can do with, another can't, and so very often an article will go the round. I have seen a piece in Norfolk and met it again at Oxford, and within a month I have seen another in three different London showrooms. Had it been one which I could have done with I should have bought it twenty pounds cheaper in the first than in the last.

No dealer knows about everything and few deal in everything. It will be found as a rule that they confine their activities within certain limits. As an illustration of this, I bought quite recently a George I brass spice box for a very small sum. I took this to show a friend of mine in the trade, and whilst greatly taken by it, he confessed that he had not the slightest idea as to whether it was worth 15s. or as many pounds. Had it been of the same period in silver he would gladly have given several hundred pounds for it. Now whilst I should not have despised such a piece, it would in silver have been quite outside my province and, in fact, not so suitable an acquisition for my collection. In silver it would eventually have found its way to the cupboard for future generations to unearth, whereas in brass, not only can it be put out but will further tend to improve the appearance, often spoilt by expensive junk, of any piece of furniture upon which it is placed.

Before we leave the subject of bargains I must recall

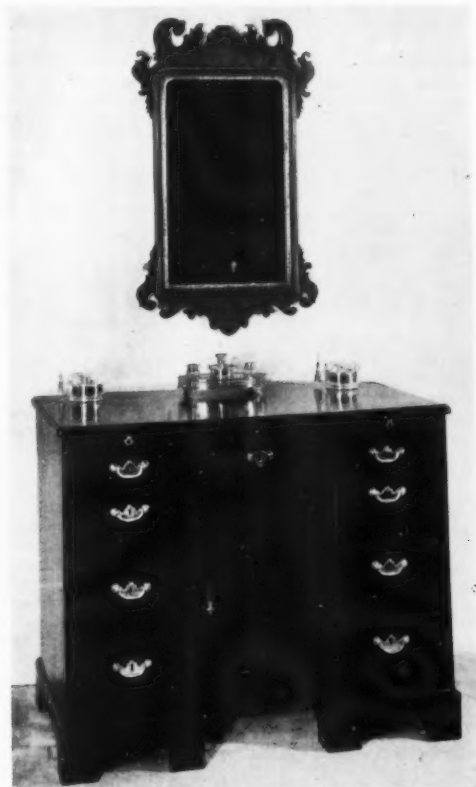


Fig. V. MAHOGANY KNEE-HOLE WRITING DESK with slide. 3ft. long.
WALNUT and GESSO HANGING MIRROR



Fig. VI. SLENDER MAHOGANY SIDE TABLE with reeded edge and moulding, 3 ft. 10 in. long, 1 ft. 4 in. wide
THREE DERBY PLAQUES and a PAIR OF DERBY VASES with painted flower decorations
OVAL BRASS-BOUND PAIL

one which once came my way. Of no particular consequence the circumstances were, however, unusual. Arriving at a country village whence I had travelled with hounds at 6.30 one morning, I chanced to look into a little shop, and amongst the miscellaneous collection of goods displayed in the window happened to see a Georgian silver snuff-box and, hanging up, a particularly nice barometer. The owner having opened up early to see the fun, I went in and duly purchased the two articles for a sovereign, promising to return later in the day. After a successful morning's cub-hunting I called back for my goods, riding home with the box in my pocket, a whip in one hand and the barometer in the other, doubly satisfied with my morning's work, and the urchins shouting, "Look at the 'untsman wiv' a bandjo. Give us a tune, guv'nor." Another instance of perseverance rewarded concerns one of my most prized possessions, a pair of hanging corner cupboards with *trompe l'oeil* decoration on the door panels. These hung in a small country inn, and I had known of them for some years and kept my eye continually upon them. It chanced that when in the market on one occasion, I heard that the inn was about to change hands. Seeing my chance, I arranged on some pretext to make it necessary to put up for the night. It was a long evening, but before retiring I had broached the subject of the cupboards with the proprietor, and over a final drink it was left that the wife's decision in the morning was to settle the matter. After breakfast we returned to the fray. The wife whom I never saw sent out word that the maid kept the cups and saucers in the cupboards and their removal would be highly inconvenient.

Having pointed out alternative accommodation to the husband, he went back to his wife, and after what seemed a very long time during which I could hear the arguments for and against, he returned to say that £10 each was the price and not a penny less. They were emptied, off the wall, in my car, and the cheque paid quicker than one could think, and I was away before there was any possibility of reconsideration. These cupboards are illustrated on page 153 of *APOLLO* of May-June, 1944.

These stories serve to illustrate that you never know your luck if you go about with your eyes open. Every covert is worth drawing, the most unlikely often providing a capital find.

Having dabbled in horses and antiques for a number of years, I have



Fig. VII. MAHOGANY PEMBROKE TABLE on four column cluster legs with slight carving, drawer, and under tray shelf
PAIR CUT GLASS LUSTRES on blue Bristol bases
UNUSUAL PIERCED BRASS CASKET
BLUE AND DECORATED CHINESE ORANGE BOWL and COVER

come to the conclusion that in certain respects they bear a close resemblance. Both undoubtedly show to best advantage on the dealer's premises, the continual excitements of which they both appear loath to leave for the unknown and duller surround-



Fig. VIII. MAHOGANY BREAKFAST TABLE with fret sides and back, drop flap and shaped shelf, mahogany lined drawer
PAIR TORTOISESHELL AND SILVER CADDIES
TORTOISESHELL AND SILVER STEWART BOX

ings of a domestic existence. On delivery, free from the restraining influence of the dealer's man, the one proceeds to kick you off, the other to exhibit all the faults undisclosed in the gloom of the average antique shop. The coating of french polish, the modern handles, the new bracket feet now stand out in all their hideousness. Both with horses and antiques the buyer will be well advised to run them out in the open and if necessary to turn them inside out, remembering that with bad feet neither will give lasting satisfaction. The patching up of horses and furniture often requires microscopic inspection, and even then I have known it to defeat the expert dealer in either commodity. No one but a fool buys a horse without some knowledge of the noble animal, yet people have no hesitation in purchasing antiques in complete ignorance of the subject.

When visiting a dealer's premises recently I listened with interest to the conversation of a couple contemplating the purchase of an expensive sofa table. Exhausted by the effort and casting herself languidly into a chair, the lady exclaimed to her companion: "... And look at the under-carriage, darling, isn't it just divine?" Now if there was anything about this sofa table unworthy of such unstinted admiration it was indeed the under-frame. The top was good, many of them are, but this was supported by four turned columns extending down to a square platform, from the corners of which protruded four undistinguished-looking feet. The table was late and one which I should describe as a furnishing piece as opposed to one for the collector, certainly not the best of its kind. The salesman, recovering quickly from the initial shock of hearing the fault in the table of which he was well aware turned suddenly into a feature, quite rightly, I maintain, now joined in the chorus of praise. After all, the customer is always right—that's business.

How we all enjoy a little bit off the price of an article. The dealer who knows his customers no doubt keeps a little up his sleeve over and above his legitimate profit to guard against this contingency. Any reduction is more often than not insignificant, especially so when by our manner we have already betrayed the fact that we intend to have the piece in question, come what may. Nevertheless, when after a mental mathematical calculation of some length and complexity the dealer turns and says, "To you, sir, the price is so much," the feeling of satisfaction is intense.

Though not necessarily a mercenary lot, most collectors like to feel that in their possessions they have a reasonably sound and readily liquidable investment. All securities, however, need looking over and if necessary weeding out from time to time. Over a period of years all collectors accumulate, owing possibly to an indiscreet purchase here and there, certain things which they had better left alone. In times gone by to rid oneself of purchases no longer wanted always presented certain difficulties. The sale room to-day however provides the cure to most headaches. Here at one time the machinations of the ring and knockout, that nearest approach to unrestricted daylight robbery, constituted a certain risk, but the present demand and increase in the number and variety of buyers have done much to curtail the activities of the gentlemen who operate these ramps and make the sale room a safer outlet for unwanted possessions. The present dearth of nice things makes it necessary to guard against the danger of losing one's eye. We go to a sale room and there see dealers bidding for goods of an inferior quality, this does not mean to say that such things are desirable, but merely that stock of one kind or another they must have. One can only imagine that these "bread and cheese" goods as I call them are better than nothing, help to pay the rent, and keep things going until such times as nice pieces begin to circulate once more.

What is the reason for the present fantastic prices which reign to-day? We see things knocked down at an auction for prices which they have never been worth and never will. Supply and demand is no doubt one, but it is very often a case of private buyers with more money than sense. Never having appreciated or understood desirable goods they are content to pay any price so long as their cash is converted into kind and this for very obvious reasons.

A little learning is said to be a dangerous thing, but as no start can be made without any we must at first content ourselves with that little. There is no short cut to more, other than practical experience, and a determination to profit by every mistake and endeavouring to ascertain the reason why it was made. The finer

LEAVES FROM AN AMATEUR'S DIARY



Left :

Fig. IX. Rare small spider-leg table
Odd little mahogany chair and tripod wine stand
Attractive corner cupboard containing Worcester china
Pair engravings in colour—R. WESTALL, R.A., and T. GAUGAIN

Right :

Fig. XI. Small mahogany bookcase with finely grained veneer on back and sides. Leather-lined fold-over top and side recess for large books of reference. 1 ft. 9 in. x 1 ft. 4 in. closed.
Small mahogany bracket clock by Bicknell, London
Bold mahogany barometer by Wilson, London



Fig. X. REGENCY MAHOGANY WORKTABLE with 2 long drawers, one at each end, similarly lined, the remainder dummies
MAHOGANY TRIPOD URN STAND with slide
WALNUT CORNER CUPBOARD and CABRIOLE LEG ARM-CHAIR

points of collecting will follow as one goes on: the eye for periods, design and colour, a knowledge of the various types of wood and grain, quality, by which we are able to distinguish the good from the inferior, craftsmanship and cabinet making, a knowledge of which will enable us to recognize pieces in original condition and to detect whether or not they have been altered and so prevent the inclination to purchase articles which have been converted. To name common examples—spinets, commodes, knife boxes, come readily to mind. Such pieces when adapted to other purposes, though possibly more useful, are quite valueless from the collector's point of view. Of essential qualities surely colour must take pride of place. No matter how good in other respects, a piece of really bad colour can never be tolerated for very long.

In conclusion, this point must be made clear. No collection confining itself to the limits which I have attempted to describe can hope to achieve spectacular results, but this much can be said in its favour. That with only a superficial knowledge and provided that one is strong-minded enough to resist the desire to wander from our original plan and from things we understand, much instructive amusement may be enjoyed and knowledge gained at a reasonable cost and with small risk of major disaster. Satisfactory results, too, may be obtained, and above all there is permanent enjoyment to be had from living amongst desirable and attractive possessions.

The illustrations in this and next month's article will be more fully dealt with in the latter number.

A BOOK ON FAR EASTERN CERAMIC ART

REVIEWED BY VICTOR RIENAECKER

The illustrations here reproduced appear in the book reviewed, and are used by the courtesy of the Publishers

WILLIAM BOW-YER HONEY, the Keeper of the Department of Ceramics in the Victoria and Albert Museum, has given us a volume on the Ceramic Art of China and other countries of the Far East which constitutes an event of the highest interest to both old and new students of this subject. The former will inevitably compare it with the now very scarce standard work in two parts by the late R. L. Hobson, published thirty years ago; while the latter, for the price of three guineas, can possess themselves of a book of complete authority by a true scholar with an enkindling enthusiasm. Honey's vast store of knowledge is presented with remarkable lucidity and judgment. His book is admirably produced by Messrs. Faber and Faber and the Hyperion Press, and must be regarded as a triumph over war-time circumstances and difficulties. It is dedicated to Bernard Rackham, to whom the author pays graceful homage for "his teaching and encouragement," which all acquainted with Rackham's pioneer work in this field will readily acknowledge. Honey also pays special tribute to Hobson, whose writings, he says, "can be appreciated only by one who has attempted to follow him."

In the sphere of learning, each student must on occasion be critical of his predecessor's efforts and opinions; and thus we find that Honey has sometimes felt compelled to question even Hobson's authorities as well as to disagree "with some of his conclusions and judgments of value." A book like this necessarily owes much to the researches of a large number of individuals; and thus its author may be said to play a part similar to that of an architect in co-ordinating the various elements of his design. In the present case, while the foundations are principally the work of Hobson, the superstructure is Honey's own interesting and intriguing building. He himself declares that "books on Chinese pottery have been written from many points of view," but that he is "primarily concerned with the wares themselves—with the attributes, such as the shapes and proportions, the colours and the textures, which make us call them beautiful." This is a big claim; and while it cannot be said to be completely fulfilled, there is ample compensation by the inclusion of other matters of high interest, such as the influence of the ceramic art of the East upon the West.



POTTERY MODEL of a Lohan or Buddhist Apostle. Period, T'ang or later
Pennsylvania University Museum

The majority of the masterpieces illustrated, mostly well reproduced, are examples already familiar to students; and therefore it may be felt that more use might have been made of the store of excellent material in private ownership. There are three plates in colour—two of Chinese and one of Japanese pieces—which seem faithful approximations to the originals. Instead of the Japanese Kutani bottle, many would have preferred a more beautiful Japanese example. Its shape and decoration are, of course, characteristically Japanese; but, for a single subject, a less sophisticated piece might have been selected—say, a "red raku" bowl—to illustrate the preference of the famous Tea-Masters for the rough and austere, which constitutes perhaps the most significant and important principle of Japanese ceramic

FAR EASTERN CERAMIC ART



BOWL ATTRIBUTED TO NINSEI. Dia. 6 in.
Japanese Collection

taste. The superb Arita bowl (Kakiemon style), illustrated in half-tone on plate 180, in the collection of Richard de la Mare, would have provided an example of the best of the sophisticated Japanese ware. Moreover, apart from its intrinsic beauty, this type is of special interest both historically and technically. The Japanese potter, Sakaida Kakiemon, of a family of Arita potters, is said to have introduced polychrome enamelling in the Chinese manner at some time about the middle of the XVIIth century; and the type came to be exported and greatly influenced the ceramic productions of European factories. In old inventories, it is referred to as "*la première qualité colorée du Japon*," although at Chantilly, where original specimens in the collection of the Prince de Condé were copied, it was known as "*coréen*." Other European factories imitated it freely; and the "quails and partridges," the "banded hedge," the "playing children," etc., became favourite decorative motifs upon the products of Meissen, Saint-Cloud, Chelsea, Bow, Worcester and numerous other factories. Honey has adopted the exceedingly helpful plan of furnishing references on the plates to the page, or pages, in the text having any bearing on the subject illustrated.

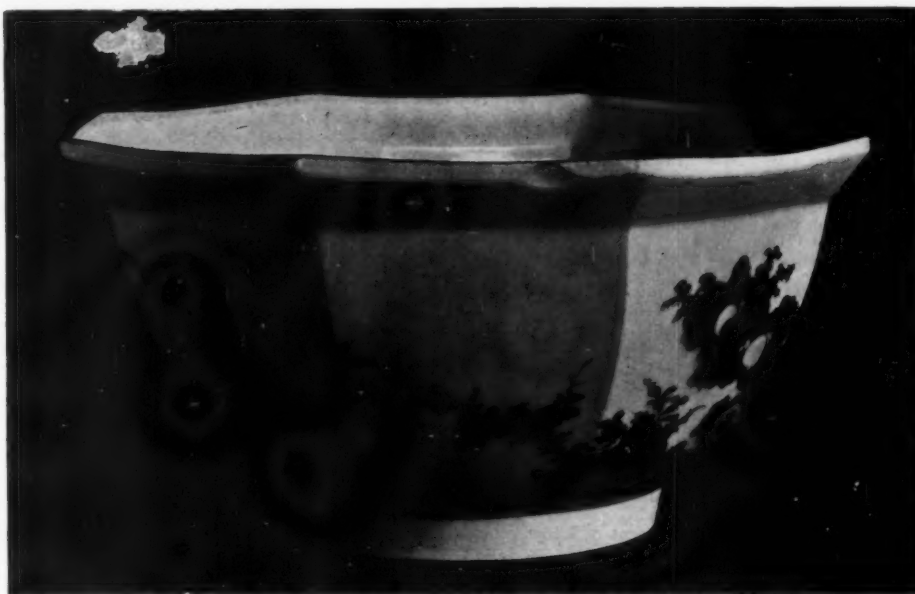
The volume contains an admirable Map of China showing the pottery districts, as well as Appendices of period marks, a Table of Chinese dynasties and reigns, a Glossary of names, shapes and colours, etc., as well as a useful Bibliography of Chinese and Western literature.

Besides dealing faithfully with the long history and development of Chinese ceramic art, Honey has devoted adequate sections of the text, as well as illustrations, to Indo-Chinese, and the highly important Kor-

ean and Japanese products. The inclusion of a section on the ceramic wares of Korea is a long overdue tribute, as these have been unduly neglected by students. Honey describes the best of them as "the most gracious and unaffected pottery ever made," which is by no means an over-statement. He claims that they possess "every virtue that pottery can have. Their shapes are simple, characteristically beautiful in proportion and outline, flowering easily and naturally into plastic and other decoration, and incised or carved or inlaid, of unsurpassed beauty and strength. Painting, when added, seems to grow with perfect naturalness out of the form of the piece; it is simple, yet never obvious or facile, but tense and vital, as if it were a symbol of the slow-burning fires of life itself. The pottery seems to speak at first of a serenely happy people, and only later, at a time of extreme poverty, does its graciousness give place to a wild austerity, which is no less admirable in a different way. This Korean pottery, in fact, reaches heights hardly attained even by the Chinese. It has at all times a great dignity, a quality which is said to accord with the character of the Korean people, as shown in the great periods of their history and even in their misery to-day."

While the outward forms of Korean wares are often strikingly similar to those of China, and "though the successive styles of Korean pottery may be said to run parallel with those of China, of no time can it be said that there was direct copying of Chinese models." It needs to be remembered that "the Korean potter was not only master of some techniques hardly practised at all in China, such as inlaid decoration, but his work remained thoroughly original in design and bold in its handling of the processes it shared with the Chinese."

Honey issues a warning not to place implicit trust upon all the statements of Chinese and European writers on pottery, because very few, he is careful to remind us, were "writing about wares of their own time and could often do no more than quote, without understanding, what had been said by previous authors." Moreover, many of these writers, it needs to be remembered, were themselves often merely "repeating current hearsay and the conjectures of other collectors."



ARITA PORCELAIN DISH (Kakiemon style). Dia. 7½ in.
Victoria and Albert Museum

But it is not only the Chinese who have shown little sense of the sacredness of a text. It must in fairness be admitted that "even in Europe the practice of editors in bringing their texts 'up-to-date' is not unknown." And Honey cites the case of a printed book published in 1499, purporting to be an edition of a manuscript treatise written by Francisco Eximenes in 1383, in which occurs a passage referring to Manises pottery ware, which is often quoted as proof of its character in the late XIVth century. In Honey's view, "its terms prove that it was an interpolation by its late—XVth century editor—XIVth century Manises were being otherwise virtually unknown." A case of unacknowledged additions by a European editor, though in this instance based on genuine documents, is Strype's edition of Stow's "Survey of London."¹ "Almost in the style of some of the Chinese elaboration," says Honey, "is a passage alleged by M. L. Solon to occur in the 'Survey,'² but which is in fact a pure invention." However, the Chinese method of incorporating passages from earlier writers without acknowledgment, with many more or less justifiable alterations, goes far beyond anything ever ventured by European authors.

Honey has the true scholar's disdain of a type of literature which he describes as "peculiarly unhelpful." For special censure he cites the ponderous Catalogue of the Morse Collection of Japanese Pottery, Cambridge, U.S.A., 1901, issued by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, which work, he complains, merely supplies a "smoke-screen of jargon and names . . . designed to prevent the reader from learning anything about the subject, though advertising the author's apparently great knowledge." Another work which is not likely to inspire the reader with any wish to make further acquaintance with the ceramic art of Japan is Captain F. Brinkley's "Japan and China, their History, Arts and Literature," Vol. VIII, Japan, Ceramic Art, London, 1904.

Though our knowledge of many phases of Asiatic history is still defective, it is now possible to trace with fair certainty the social background which produced the main phases of the ceramic art of the Far East. It is of interest to realize the immense influence of Chinese porcelain upon the ceramic art of the world—how "T'ang wares have been found with local copies, on the site of the IXth century city of Samarra in Mesopotamia and in the mediæval rubbish-heaps of El-Fostat (Old Cairo) in Egypt"; how "the IXth century exportation was small compared with the vast trade in porcelain which grew up in Yüan and early Ming times"; how famous Chinese celadons "were paid the tribute of imitation in Egypt and the Near East"; how the designs "from the Ming blue-painted porcelains, early and late, of which great collections exist at Ardebil and Istanbul, were widely copied in Anatolia, Syria and Persia, and even on Italian maiolica"; how "the Dutch importations of the XVIIth century gave rise to the great industry at Delft and brought a universal European fashion for blue-and-white in pottery and tile-work." Augustus the Strong (1670-1733) shared the universal enthusiasm for Chinese porcelain and formed the famous collection at Dresden. But the European, like the Near-Eastern, copying of the Chinese wares was confined to the external appearance, "its white surface being imitated by a tin-glaze." The attempts to reproduce a translucent body of the same nature as the Chinese only met with a measure of success by the Medici porcelain made at Florence about 1580. The first achievement of translucency was by the use of glass. In this way were produced the soft pastes of Rouen, Saint-Cloud, and other factories in France, and in England of Bow and Chelsea. Eventually the secret of true porcelain was discovered in 1709 by Johann Friedrich Böttger in Germany, and the famous Meissen factory was started by him in the following



KARATSU BOWL. Dia. 8 in.

Japanese Collection

year. The taste for Chinese objects of art, and for porcelain in particular, was checked for a while towards the end of the XVIIIth century by the Neo-Classical fashion of which Josiah Wedgwood was the leader; but it returned with the Revived Rococo in the 1820's. And in the last third of the XIXth century Honey tells us that "Chinese porcelain was collected perhaps more eagerly, and certainly with a more omnivorous appetite, than ever before."

Honey has probably laid himself open to a charge of the somewhat careless use of the words "baroque" and "rococo." The correct connotation of these two words has recently been considerably clarified by a learned contemporary who would confine "baroque" to "composition in mass with a thorough exploitation of plastic values, a dynamic sense of movement, and a bold, scenic use of light and shade"; adding that "along with these essential properties goes a considerable element of the whimsical and grotesque." The word "baroque" would therefore be used "as a descriptive term to painting and the minor decorative arts which are informed by something of this spirit." Now, since the art of the potter obviously comes under the category of the "decorative," to describe a pottery style as baroque, strictly speaking, should be applied only to the modelled figures and animals and groups generally in which plastic forms are animated by the whimsical or grotesque spirit, or express the required dynamic sense of movement. Many of the earlier as well as the later ceramic productions clearly exhibit these qualifying features; and the baroque is therefore not necessarily inconsistent with truer ceramic ideals. The same authority applies the term "rococo" to something "quite distinct." Upon its introduction in England about 1830, he says it was "used disparagingly to mean freakish, affected or out of date." But in modern times its meaning has been narrowed down to the simply asymmetrical. Its somewhat complicated derivation from baroque (we are assured by Fiske Kimball, the present director of the Philadelphia Museum in a recent work, "The Creation of the Rococo," which has not yet been published in England) now confines the "rococo" to the cult of "C scrolls" and tortuous curves in an endless variety of combination. Rococo has now come to signify a style of ornamentation relating in general to the applied arts of decoration which deliberately exploit "subtle lawlessness and logical disorder." Natural forms, rocks and shells, foliage and flowers, figure prominently in its decorative repertory. It can legitimately be applied to ceramics only when these features are in evidence, and should be confined to those fanciful productions, mostly of the later Chinese and Japanese periods, which the purist potter would consider illegitimate and frivolous exhibitions of his art. Honey himself simplifies the

FAR EASTERN CERAMIC ART



KIOTO BOWL ("red raku"). Dia. 6½ in.
Japanese Collection

distinction between baroque and rococo by pointing out that the "strong and energetic, even violent, movement and dramatic force" of the baroque style, "in spite of a tendency to discursive composition," displays "a preference for symmetry, particularly in its later stages"; while the rococo style "was essentially a breakaway from the baroque into asymmetry and lighter movement."

It may be felt that Honey enters upon dangerous territory in discussing such matters as what determines the potter's actual choice of proportions in different countries and periods. He contends that "though conditioned by material factors, such as the nature of a clay or the requirements of use, it is not determined by them, nor is it the expression of any social conditions or religious belief or outlook on life." This pronouncement can scarcely be true of, say, gourd-shaped vases, or where the lotus influence is evident. Are not all those attempts at the imitation of the colour and resonance of jade and the whole range of decorative motifs definitely dictated by religious belief and outlook on life? Upon Honey's own confession, much of the subtlety of the early glazes is due to the Chinese feeling for jade "which goes far beyond a mere liking."

Honey's reference to the over-life-size ceramic figures "claimed for the T'ang period," representing Buddhist Apostles or Lohan, found in a cave at I-chou in Chihli, and now scattered in various European, American and Japanese collections, will doubtless give rise to controversy. Leaving out of consideration the real date of these figures about which various authorities differ, Honey's contention that their merit depends only upon the distinction and nobility of the sculptor's glyptic or plastic gift, of his sense of form and material and his technical skill, and not upon the exalted nature of his inspiration, raises an interesting aesthetic point. It is surely no degradation of the sculptor's purpose for us to find in these figures the most complete plastic expression of the Buddhist ideal of deep contemplation, of the power of looking past the world beyond into the infinite? To suggest, therefore, that one of these models, without its head, "may move us as profoundly, and perhaps more surely, by its purely sculptural qualities, because its appeal is not obscured by this irrelevant sentiment," is to fall into the shallow modern habit of separating form from content when they should be regarded as indivisible. It was precisely in religion and the exalted nature of the inspiration that the creators of these deeply moving figures found the opportunity and spur for the exercise of their art, without which it could not have come into existence, and without some understanding of which it is impossible for it to be fully appreciated. Many will join issue with Honey if he really means us to share with him his aesthetic heresy. "Sculptural excellence and power" are deep religious feeling given expressive outward form; and these Buddhist figures, being deeply imbued with spiritual content, must therefore rank higher than those other

productions of the ceramic artist which have a lesser *raison d'être*. Honey is, of course, right in saying "the shaping of the clay vessels is an art essentially akin to that of the sculptor. Both are arts of form, creative in their essence—the occasion of the sculptor's work being the representation or interpretation of natural forms, while the potter's work is normally concerned with the requirements of use." Upon the implications of this dictum it is easy to assess their relative importance aesthetically. The beauty of a vase or bowl intended by the potter for the display of flowers is as aesthetically incomplete without the living blooms as is the state coach standing idle in the royal stables. It is true that a Greek fragment can be an object of beauty in itself; but it is nonsense to maintain that it is possible for it to make the same full aesthetic appeal as the complete statue. For it is a plastic quotation or aphorism which the mind needs to relate to some imagined content. The great creative periods have been free of the aesthetic snobbery and partial powers of appreciation characteristic of an effete and reminiscent mentality.

What Honey means by the use of the phrase, "significant form," in application to ceramic art is surely that the form is not accidental but dictated by definite considerations of practical utility and decorative purpose. Technical skill has frequently seduced the potter away from

sound ceramic principles to the display of mere virtuosity, which may be admired as *tour de force* but should not be taken too seriously.

In his introduction, Honey remarks that "the potter himself was seldom concerned with the pure art of creating form, but rather with some practical problem of utility or technical excellence." There seems, therefore, to be some inconsistency of thought and attitude, when we find him elsewhere claiming the potter's art as embodying formal qualities to the exclusion of all other content. It is possible that a few will deplore these excursions into questions of aesthetics, philosophy and even practical politics; but the majority will recognize that the widest comprehension of all human interests is an aid to the appreciation of the art-works of any people.

Form and content are inseparable, though the history of art shows that the balance has been tipped one way or the other, so that at one time content has tended to stretch form to its uttermost limits and even beyond. This is characteristic of the world's great geniuses, like Michaelangelo, Beethoven and Blake, whose work may be said to express what Schlegel describes as the struggle between the "outward finite" and the "inward finite." On the other hand, in periods of spiritual poverty, art has become almost emptied of content, and form has then ceased to signify anything. Every art, in its earliest manifestation, is inspired by some definite purpose that may be roughly described as utilitarian. Thus the potter's art was for use in the home, the grave, or upon the altar; but, as civilization grew more sophisticated, the original motive for the making of ceramic wares became largely lost sight of; and we witness merely the creation of trifles without serious purpose or significance. In the later Chinese wares, the precious palace pieces can be appreciated only by the highly sophisticated for their supreme technical skill. By contrast, it is interesting to recall that the profound symbolism that the Japanese Tea-Masters read into the cruder creations of the potter's art, and which expressed for them a whole philosophy of life and the universe, bestows upon these simple pieces the highest spiritual content. This attitude is in full accord with Hegel's dictum that "the task of art is to represent a spiritual idea to direct contemplation in sensuous form"; and that "the value and dignity of such representation lies in the correspondence and unity of the two sides, of the spiritual content and its sensuous embodiment." The perfection and excellency of art therefore depends upon the "inner harmony and union with which the spiritual idea and the sensuous form interpenetrate."

It will be a satisfaction to all lovers of the beautiful, whatever its origin, that a scholar of Honey's judgment should pay due homage to the delicate charm of the finest productions of the Japanese ceramic genius. The prejudice against the art-works of Japan that existed in many quarters even before the war is not justified by the facts well known to the impartial student.

Finer even than the best of the exported types, says Honey, were the bottles, plates, dishes and bowls made for the home market. "The shapes of the Kakiemon wares are of a peculiar simplicity and grace—perfectly plain, lobed or fluted dishes and bowls and long-necked pear-shaped or four-sided bottles are characteristic and show to advantage the clean white porcelain material." In such specimens as illustrated in Plates 181 and 182, every touch in the sparing decoration is seen to play its part, "as in some slight and gracious musical composition." Other typically Japanese types of painted decoration are those illustrated in Plate 185 of two specimens of Kutani (Kaga) porcelain in native collections. The exquisite moulded piece of Mikawachi (Hirado) porcelain in Richard de la Mare's possession (Plate 189 b) must almost certainly be a specimen of the classic porcelain of Japan that was made for the princes of Hirado at Mikawachi (or Mikochi), in Hizen. This pottery had been started by Korean potters in the XVIIth century, but it did not produce true porcelain until 1712. The fine wares for which Hirado is justly famous were chiefly made in the period of princely patronage from 1751 to 1843; and it is never marked. Neither do the fine Kutani, Kakiemon, or Nabeshima porcelains bear any marks. Various forms of the word *fuku* (happiness) were characteristically added to early Kutani, but the full six-eight, or even ten-character Kutani mark, including the name of a hall or potter, appears on the inferior XIXth century porcelains.

How, it is sometimes asked, can the Japanese æsthetic sensibility, the butterfly lightness of touch, the instant appreciation of pure form, the uncanny command of asymmetric balance in design, the vigour and vitality in brushwork, and the tactile sense of the material—how can these high gifts be reconciled with the aggressive spirit of Japanese nationalism and the brutality of her soldiers? Honey answers that "there is no necessary connection" between these attributes; and that "one might as well wonder how the nation that produced . . . T. S. Eliot could have produced also the Chicago gangster." He further hints at the mystic explanation that perhaps both may spring "from a sense of the insignificance of human life and a deep distrust of the visible world," in which all is seen as transitory and the mere play of shadows. While Honey's meaning is of course clear enough, it may be objected that Eliot is not a typical American, and, in any case American culture is relatively speaking in its infancy, and that therefore the parallel is not really very apt. Be that as it may, the deeper truth that should be faced, not only about the Japanese nation's propensity for cruelty, but about the cruel streak to be found throughout the whole of what a French writer has described as "the rotten East." An English writer, less than 50 years ago, described "some very unpleasant experiences" in China. He witnessed the most horrible and brutal tortures, including "eating bamboo," "kneeling on chains," and others that cannot be described, including the punishment of "death by the thousand cuts." The Chinese, remarks this witness, "are cruel under almost all circumstances"; and that "it must never be forgotten that acts of appalling and almost incredible barbarity are the common accompaniment of all Chinese warfare." Western admiration of the beautiful art-products of the East has so largely ignored much that is surprising and ugly in the nature of the Oriental that an altogether false conception of his character has become current in the Occident.

It is noteworthy that in the case of Japan right up to the war period, a small but influential movement sought to recover the impersonal tradition, the austerity and fine craftsmanship of the earlier wares of Japan. Honey tells us that "this movement has not only produced, or attracted, some very gifted artist potters,



KARATSU BOWL. Height 5½ in.
Japanese Collection

but has formulated and carried out a plan to encourage and preserve the country potteries still making wares for common use by traditional methods in the remoter parts of the islands." The inspiring genius of this movement was M. Yanagi, of the Japanese Folk Art Museum, Tokyo. The movement produced fine wares in the best ceramic traditions of China and Korea, while admitting as a fertilizing influence the examples of English slip ware and other Western techniques. "Their range of achievement has been wide, extending from the admirably grave, often sombre, iron-glazed stoneware of Shoji Hamada, to the blue-painted greyish porcelain made in Korean style by Kenkichi Tomimoto, whose swift, sensitive and eloquent brushwork is as beautiful as anything of its kind in the whole history of Japanese pottery." It may be argued that this revival is the result of a nostalgic and sentimental attitude, like that which sought to revivify the peasant arts of England; and, as such, is destined to fail, because it has not arisen out of the original conditions which gave reality and meaning to the ideals and efforts of the potters whose example it tries to emulate. Honey thinks it a mistake to ignore the law of change, and suggests that it might be better frankly to accept modern industrial conditions ("which does not necessarily imply the acceptance of base commercial standards"), and attempt to create within these conditions contemporary forms of ceramic art as authentic and expressive of the times as were the old.

Japanese intellectuals have endeavoured to explain, with much dubious history, that the Island Empire has come to be the repository of Buddhist truth and is therefore destined to be the saviour first of Asia and ultimately the whole world. "When the rest of Asia was overrun by the Mongols in the XIIIth century and the ideals of the Chinese T'ang and Sung periods were all but extinguished, Japan alone was saved to preserve them." The destruction by a great storm of the Mongol fleet that set out to conquer the Japanese Islands was interpreted as a heavenly sign of Japan's great world mission. Japan was thought to have been miraculously "saved from one of the worst influences that Eastern culture and art have ever known," from a disaster, so the theory runs, which brought to the Chinese the showy irreligion and worldly self-assertion which prevailed in the Ming and Ch'ing periods. It is a particularly interesting thought of Honey's to find in the interpretation of the Western disciples expounding this view of East Asiatic history "a parallel—even a contemporary

parallel—with the Renaissance in Western history, which in the fashionable Catholic view is seen, with its scientific attitude and materialism, its licence and individualist self-assertion, as a lapse from Christian civilization." Both views involve romantic falsifications, idealizing priest-ridden ages of obscurantism in which self-seeking and exploitation for personal gain were hardly less rife than in the periods denounced.

Despite the temporary overriding dominance of the militarist elements in Japan, it may yet emerge, when the dust of battle shall have died down, that many Japanese have been faithful so far as possible to the form of Buddhism which their intellectuals have long claimed as the greatest formative influence on their country's highest ideals. However false some of the Japanese pretensions may be, "it is certain," says Honey, "that Japanese pottery owed much to Buddhism indirectly." It was through the ancient Tea-Ceremony, which was originally inspired by the Buddhist Zen sect, that the Japanese first became aware of the æsthetic appeal of pottery.

Laurence Binyon tells us that the priest, Shuko, and the painter, So-ami, founded the Tea-Ceremony, as practised in Japan. With the name of So-ami is associated the elaboration not only of the Tea-Ceremony but of the art of landscape-gardening. Acting on the counsels of Shuko and So-ami, the Shogun of the day, Yoshimasa, eighth of the Ashikaga line, built the first tea-chamber in his famous Silver Pavilion. Yoshimasa retired in 1472, and gathering round him the finest artists of the time, devoted himself to æsthetic pursuits, setting a fashion to the nobles with far-reaching influence on the whole nation. Nothing ornate was suffered in the tea-chamber: its small proportions, its severe furniture, were strictly prescribed; even the garden seen without must harmonise, and show no gaudy tone, no luxuriant detail; and in conversation all tittle-tattle was to be avoided. The words of Binyon hint, in so far as words can, at the ideal of the Zen Tea-Masters: "To find one's own soul, the real substantial soul, beyond and behind not only the passions and unruly inclinations of nature, but also the semblances with which even knowledge, even religion, may cloud reality by imagery, form, ritual"—this was the aim of the Zen cult under which the Tea-Ceremony came to be elaborated.

The Zen ideal of refined simplicity precluded all emphasis, loudness, and richness. Austerity is so seldom cultivated by the human spirit, save at the cost of harshness and ugliness, that we must recognize in the cult of the Japanese Tea-Ceremony a practice of rare felicity and beauty. The delicate, flexible and gracious temper which was infused into the severe aim of the Zen Masters seemed meant to illustrate the principle that "beauty has most power on the imagination when not completely revealed."

"The philosophy and preferences of the Buddhist priests and Tea-Masters were the chief influences in the early development of the art of Japan, and no full understanding of the subject is possible without some sympathy with the æsthetic of the cult." The Tea-Ceremony became one of the greatest cultural institutions of the Japanese nation. Founded upon appreciation of the spiritual significance of the ordinary duties and circumstances of common life, the making of the fire, the preparation and drinking of the tea, the sweeping of the room and the cleaning of the utensils, all were regarded as symbolical acts of inward grace and dignity, and as training for the direct perception of beauty in every simple task of daily routine. Through any little thing to see the whole Universe was the ever-present thought of the participants. The cult also expressed a strong love of nature, in which man must maintain himself in harmony with the Infinite. In the designs on the pottery, be it a painting of the human figure, an insect, or a plant, the aim was not to depict the individual object itself, but rather to define its position in the vast scheme of the Universe, showing it, however trifling in form, in right relationship to the All. Thus the exact outer similitude of the subject is often severely modified, the better to reveal its inner spirit, to relate the essential qualities of its humble life to the laws of the Cosmos. These considerations are dwelt upon at some length in order to stress the necessity for recognizing the spirit that takes upon itself its concrete form, and that, strictly speaking, there can be no such thing as "abstract" form. Or, rather, it would be truer to say that when form forgets its original creative impulse or content, it becomes like an empty shell from which the living creature that once dwelt within and gave purpose and significance to its shape has died and fallen away.

ALCATRAZ OR SAN FRANCISCO?

(Continued from page 258)

And here it is that APOLLO has the right to speak and indeed the right to lead. We are thinking of the god Phæbus, Apollo as the cheering and animating influence of life. It is in his name that we want to be the mouthpiece for all artists, since to whatever category they belong they are concerned with syntheses.

In the Apollonic view nothing less than an entirely new conception of humanity, of the art of living together, has become imperative, if man is to regain something of the dignity his greatest thinkers and artists have achieved for him, and if he is to look upon himself as something better than an animal or than a transgressor inductively loaded with sin by the mere fact of being born.

Metaphysics have had a long innings; physics are in the ascendant; it is time that the artist were called in to help; he has his feet in both spheres; he is their synthesist. It is through him alone that man is made community conscious; it is he who gives man culture. It is he who fashions symbols, material and spiritual. It is the remains of his works we have in mind when we speak of the civilizations of the past. Now we are standing at the threshold of an infinitely greater one, one that encompasses the earth.

Shall this civilization depend on paying its rent punctually to one country or shall it depend on the permission of another? Who owns the earth? No human, and if we do not learn to behave ourselves we shall have to quit. It would seem that conditional notice to that effect has already been served on us—we must learn to live together.

That, we submit, is the spirit in which the problem of World Security organization has to be approached if it is to be more than another Geneva. And we need centres where this new spirit can and must be cultivated, centres, from the smallest village hall to "Cosmopolis" itself, which do not look upon class, religion, nationality, race or colour as barriers. And if these centres are to succeed they must, above all, appeal to our imagination: they must not only be worth while, but proclaim their worth-whileness.

For that appeal to the imagination only the artists of every kind are qualified. They must give to these centres the outward and concrete appeal as well as the inner practical function; so that a man wherever he finds himself may recognize them as cultural centres, may feel himself "at home" as the Greek did in his world. Or the *civis romanus* did whether he was in Alexandria or in York, or as the traveller in the world of Islam did whether he found himself in Damascus or Cordoba. These were past civilizations, and what we possess of culture we have inherited from such. But that immense heritage has hitherto been enjoyed by the few. Now it must be shared by the many.

So we speak here for all artists, for all poets and thinkers, for all painters and composers and for their interpreters, the actors, musicians, singers, dancers, and theatrical designers. We want every village hall to have not only its stage, but the opportunity to see good plays performed by good players, to listen to good music performed by good musicians; we want it certainly to dance and sing, but also to have the chance to see the best dancers and to hear the best singers, and to hear what poets and thinkers generally have to say about the present, the past and the future. And so from the modest means of the village in increasing scope and splendour with towns and cities culminating in a World Cultural Centre.

And we want to see a beginning made with all this now; for, we submit, it is more important than the manufacture of motor-cars, and frigidaires, and other "labour-saving devices," or even that questionable privilege "the Right to work." Man does not want a society that regards such things as an end. The matter of real importance is what a man—or a woman—does with the labour saved and the time on hand. We want him or her to use such savings for the purpose of *bettering* him- or her- Self and of enjoying life in the fullest measure.

So here again we are back to the subject of Cultural Centres and their immense importance for world security. They are important, for it will take time for work and World Trade to adjust itself and to "get going" again, and meanwhile the spirits of many may begin to flag. They must be buoyed by the Arts, and the knowledge that they have not fought for frigidaires and motor-cars and televisions but for a better way of life. And the way of life the victors envisaged is the way of Art, the Apollonian, the bright and cheering one, not the dark Plutonic conception of the vanquished.

That is why we have here advocated the calling of a Conference of the Arts with a view to establishing a world culture organization; for it is on that that—ultimately—World Security depends.

¹ Compare F. H. Garner, *Transactions of the English Ceramic Circle*, IV, 1937, p. 43.

² Compare Bernard Rackham and Herbert Read, "English Pottery," p. 39.

³ L. D'O. Warner, in "Eastern Art," II (1930), p. 61.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor, APOLLO.

Sir,

Commander How, in his review of E. Alfred Jones's posthumous work, "The Plate of Oriel College, Oxford," printed in your July number (pp. 171-2), comes to the support of the theory of an English origin for the "Founder's Cup" propounded by Mr. F. J. Varley and relegated to an appendix by Mr. Jones.

As there appears now to be a danger of this wrong ascription getting established, I feel that it is time to enter the field.

For the last fifty years it has generally been agreed that initial E, combined with the Lancastrian S S, which form the principal decoration of the cup, point to its having been made for Prince Edward, son of Henry VI, who perished in 1471 after the battle of Tewkesbury. As the mark stamped on the bottom (See Figure) was quite un-English in character it was guessed that the cup had been made during the prince's stay in France. Mr. Varley now claims that it was made at the time that it was purchased by the college in 1493 (as was discovered by Dr. Shadwell in 1893), and that the mark is not ancient but "may have been added by a firm of goldsmiths executing some minor repair . . . which may have happened about the time of the Quincentenary" (1826). He continues: "according to the 'French heresy,' the



The mark on the Oriel College Founder's Cup

College acquired a Prince Edward Cup with the history and associations now ascribed to it. Had such a cup been in existence much more would have been known about it in 1493 than in 1893, and it is difficult to believe that the College would have considered it suitable for their purpose, or that the commemoration of our Royal Founder would be associated with such a tragic relic." "Why," Dr. Shadwell would ask impatiently, "should the College, if it was minded to commemorate its Royal Founder, purchase a second-hand Cup, and a French Cup at that? Colleges do not do such things." He concludes that the cup "was made by a London goldsmith to the order of the College in or about 1493 and was paid for out of corporate funds. (The small fee "pro feudo stationarii" must be that paid to the officers of the Goldsmiths' Company for inspection and trial, etc.)"

Charles Shadwell has been in his grave for a quarter of a century and never committed himself on paper to the views attributed to him. He was a person intolerant of contradiction, and Mr. Varley would have served his memory better by exerting his own critical faculties to more purpose.

Firstly, why "must" the phrase "pro feudo stationarii" refer to an official of the Goldsmith's Company? Surely the cup would have been properly hall-marked if this were so! Neither Du Cange (*Glossarium Mediae et Infimae Latinitatis*) nor Baxter and Johnson (*Medieval Latin Word List*) lend any support to the idea. To them "stationarius" is a bookseller or, less commonly, some sort of ecclesiastical functionary. Is it necessary to suppose that when the College bought its second-hand French cup it was consciously perpetrating a pious fraud? May it not have been the victim of a plausible bookseller ready to earn a commission on the sale of a spurious relic! It is obvious that the Fellows who Mr. Varley supposes were ready to order a cup decorated with the Lancastrian S S, must have known very little about their Royal Founder.

The opinion that the mark is un-medieval is contrary to the

considered opinions of W. Cripps, E. Alfred Jones and W. W. Watts, all of whom had examined the mark itself and were not relying on a photograph. Recently I had an opportunity of examining it and saw no reason to doubt its antiquity. Though the earliest mention of the mark appears to be in Soden Smith's "Corporation and College Plate" (1869), this is not remarkable, since the study of plate marks was still in its infancy—Octavius Morgan's pioneer work on London marks only appeared in 1853. It is absurd to suppose that a repairer would have added a mark in 1826, as a plate mark requires a stamp, a needless expense unless something were to be gained by it. That this something can not have been advertisement is shown by the fact that the interpretation of the mark is to this day obscure.

Both Mr. Varley and Commander How are overcome by the unfamiliar appearance of the mark and thereby show their ignorance of one of the most curious survivals of the French medieval goldsmiths—the 1408 touch-plate of the Rouen goldsmiths preserved at the Musée de Cluny (No. 5,101). Rosenberg only illustrates three of the marks, but they are given in greater detail in Ris-Paquot's "Dictionnaire des Orfèvres" (1890). From this work it is clear that at Rouen it was usual to combine the maker's mark with the town mark. The latter was invariably depicted in a square set at an angle and depicted the Lamb and Flag (Agnus Dei) taken from the city arms. The maker's mark, usually his shop-sign but sometimes an initial, was attached to the bottom of the square containing the town mark. Ris-Paquot shows eight examples of maker's marks in squares set at an angle, thus producing the same outline as that of the mark on the Oriel cup. I think that we should be safe therefore in interpreting the mark on the latter on the same lines. Hitherto there has been a tendency to regard the fleur-de-lis as the Paris mark, but it should be remembered that this device figured prominently in the arms of a number of other French towns and goldsmiths' guilds. Amongst the latter were Besançon, Caen, Clermont Ferrand, Dieppe, Marseilles, Saint-Jean-D'Angely and Soissons.

Commander How finds the cup "typically English." How easy it is to go astray over very rare pieces was brought home to me forcibly in 1935 when I discovered that the mark on the XIVth century Founder's Cup at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, proved that it came from Avignon and that I had erred (in the company of all earlier writers) in including it in a book on English silver published in the previous year.

C. C. OMAN.

Dear Sir,

Can any of your readers help to ascertain the carver of a statue (illustrated here), the nationality, and the century the figure represents? The figure stands on a pedestal, is four feet high, and is carved, including the limbs and hanging satchel, from a solid block of wood resembling Scotch fir. The figure is polished to the appearance of bronze, the polish is slightly worn away in places by constant dusting.

Yours truly,

JOHN HASSIP,

P.O. Box 8512,

Aug. 31,

Johannesburg, S. Africa.

Dear Sir,

In connection with the portrait reproduced on page 155 of your July, 1945, issue, the portrait is a copy of the well-known "Portrait of a Man," by Quentyn Matsys, the Elder, in the Städel Institute, Frankfurt-on-Main, and is reproduced in Max J. Friedländer's "Altneuerländische Malerei", v. 7, 1929, plate 43.

Yours very truly,

ETHELWYN MANNING.

Frick Art Reference Library, New York.



CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Sir,

NAMED WORCESTER SERVICES

I think Dr. MacKenna is right and that I have for years been mistaken. I bought my specimen of the mauve pattern, marked with a gold crescent, from a dealer in Cambridge who is now dead, and as far as I remember I got the attribution of "Earl Manvers" from him. Further, I have been careless in failing to notice No. 639 of the Drane catalogue and Mr. Drane's remarks. It is an entirely different pattern and in my opinion a much finer one. In any case, I would unhesitatingly support Mr. Drane's attribution.

Yours faithfully,
H. RISSIK MARSHALL

Dear Sir,

I am much interested to see the letter from Dr. MacKenna. I am afraid I have no evidence to support the theory that my teapot stand did in fact come from a set in the possession of Lord Manvers, and I do not hold it out as being anything more than a specimen of the set which Mr. Marshall describes. I was not aware of the reference in the Drane catalogue, but having referred to it, I see that No. 639 is, of course, quite a different pattern. Apart from minor variations this pattern, which I know, gives a general pink effect, whereas the general effect of my teapot-stand is mauve. The pink pattern is altogether more elegant than the mauve one, and to that extent is perhaps more appropriate to a nobleman's table.

I notice, by the way, that No. 193 in the Frank Lloyd catalogue, to which Mr. Marshall refers in his note, is described as having pink borders and between them a formal floral pattern in pink. This, again, differs from my teapot-stand, and also, I would venture to suggest, from Mr. Marshall's description in his article.

Yours faithfully,
H. W. TUKE.

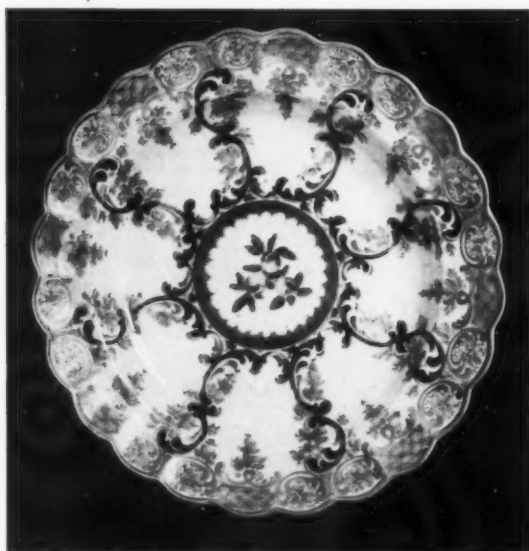


PLATE OF THE EARL MANVERS' SERVICE

With scalloped gilt edge of 24 indentations. The half-inch border consists alternately of two scallops each with a green flower surrounded with red dots, the lower margin of the border defined with an upward curved gilt C scroll, and between the two scrolls is a narrow pink speckled ground. The alternate panel is diapered pink and is defined on the lower side by a double C scroll gilt and looped.

Below the border, stretching from between the pair of green panels in the border to the central circle, are eight broad double C scrolls back to back in purple. Depending from the centre of the diapered pink panels are short, and entwined through the double purple C scrolls are longer, sprays of green leaves and red berries.

The central circle has gilt shower gilding facing inwards, and in the centre a bunch of four pinkish plans with three sprays of green foliage. No mark. Diameter, 8.2 in. Compare No. 639, Drane Catalogue.

COVER PLATE

PAINTERS of sporting subjects, either to amuse themselves or when trade was quiet, undoubtedly turned their hand to sign painting. That examples of this work are scarce can be accounted for by the fact that for the most part they were exposed to the weather, and in due course allowed to deteriorate and eventually fall to pieces.

The subject of the cover page is an exception which has survived. Painted on two boards, each 4 ft. long, 1 ft. wide and $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, battened together, it depicts the Cambridge-London Mail, by Cooper Henderson, on the first stage of its journey. This coach ran from the Wrestler's Arms, Cambridge, to the White Horse Inn, Fetter Lane, between Fleet Street and Holborn, and was contracted for by J. Leach, whose name appears on the door panel. I will not trouble readers uninitiated to the box seat with a dissertation on the subject of driving, except to say that in coaching pictures it is rare to see a correct representation of the art of handling a team. The enthusiast of "the road" will be quick to appreciate that here we have a fresh team trotting on downhill and which the coachman is allowing to have their fling before settling them down to their work. Not an easy thing to do, still less to reproduce. Such a painting was the work not only of a first-rate artist but also of an experienced coachman, both of which qualities Cooper Henderson possessed.

More broadly painted than his usual style, this is only to be expected in a work of this kind, it is nevertheless correct in every detail in regard to harness and coach appointments.

Evidence that the sign hung outside the coach offices is borne out by the thick covering of weather-stained varnish, a fresh coating no doubt being applied whenever the building was repainted.

The removal of the varnish which revealed the colours in perfect state proved no easy task, and for this gratuitous work I am indebted to my old friend of the hunting-field, Frank Sabin, in whose opinion the sign is possibly unique.

F. N. G.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRIES

B. M.—I enclose photos of two plaques I recently purchased. On the back of the plush frame of one is written "Morning." The back of each is a fine white, unglazed china. The decoration of the angel—"Morning"—is a pale blue cloak and a pink flowered robe, brownish. The main figure of the other plaque has a dull red cloak around her hips, and a brownish-red flowered decoration. They are about twelve inches in diameter, beautifully modelled, and the colouring very delicate and decisive. Could you tell me what they possibly may be? The only marks on the back are the impressed Nos. 10 and 29.

The "Morning" and "Evening" plaques cannot be older than the XIXth century, and a Neapolitan origin is suggested.

H. C. B.—Can the following be identified? A heavy pottery plaque of the size of the enclosed drawing. It is of a drab colour with markings of darkish blue and green. It is in high relief, and somewhat in the style of Pratt ware. The margin is ridged between two bands of blue.

The four large oval bosses are reminiscent of melons; the smaller ones are two thistles, on the upper half, and two half-salmon on the lower. The plaque came from a noted collection. A photograph of the plaque should be sent if possible to the Keeper, Department of British and Medieval Antiquities, the British Museum, London, W.C.1. An opinion cannot be expressed from the drawing, except that it does not look older than the XIXth century.

R. M.—Can you tell me whether the piece of china (photo enclosed) is an interesting piece and whether it is French or English. I cannot find a mark of any kind. The gilding and flowers are very fresh and appear to be good. Does anyone collect this large type of late XVIIIth century work, if it is that, and what would be its value?

The object is certainly English, about 1830. Valuations are not given, but there is a market for these plaques. If you wish to sell, get into touch with one of the Sale Rooms.

THE DESK AND SMALL BUREAU

BY JOHN ELTON

IT is to the credit account of the late Stuart Age that it developed some varieties of writing-desk or bureau from the portable box with a sloping lid which seems to have met the needs of writers. The word "bureau," first used in print in 1710, is derived from the French *bure* (a cloth cover thrown over a writing board), but its application was still somewhat uncertain as late as 1736, when it appears to cover "a scrutoire" for depositing papers and accounts, or cabinet, and also a "buffet for setting plate, china ware, etc." It was a natural development to mount the desk (a box with a sloping lid) upon a stand with legs. In a rare and early type, the two middle legs of the stand pull out to support the desk flap, while in a smaller desk, on stand, the legs are fixed and the flap is supported in use upon lofers. The design of the legs, the cupped pattern and the slender baluster point to a date in William III's reign. A graceful pattern, on well-turned cabriole legs, is attractive from its small size; and the few surviving pieces (which measure under two feet in width) are sometimes notable for the rich matched figure of the walnut veneer. The small bureau (Fig. I) shows the oversailing desk (which characterizes the early bureaux) and the original ring handles, which have often been replaced by a stronger pattern. The small accommodation of these pieces must have been a bar to their production, and the most favoured pattern of bureau for the greater part of the XVIIIth century was a desk on a drawer-fitted base, which has sometimes its centre recessed for a knee-hole. This recess gives very little accommodation for the legs of the person using the bureau, but an additional space is given by the desk flap. A variant on this well-known type is one in which the face of the upper (or drawer) portion falls down, "which produces the same usefulness as the flap of a desk." Sheraton, who describes the "common desks with drawers under them," fully in his *Cabinet Dictionary* (1803), claims that they were nearly obsolete in London at that date. They have (he adds) "three heights of common drawers, the upper one divided into two in length," as in the chests of drawers they resemble. The bureau (Fig. II) shows the effective arrangement of walnut veneer on the flap and drawer fronts. It has its original escutcheons, but the brass loop or ring handles, too light to pull a heavy drawer, have been replaced by knobs. "Common desks with drawers" are plentiful both in walnut and mahogany; and it would seem that no well-found house was without one in the



Fig. I. SMALL WALNUT BUREAU showing oversailing desk (which characterize the early bureaux). Early XVIIIth Century

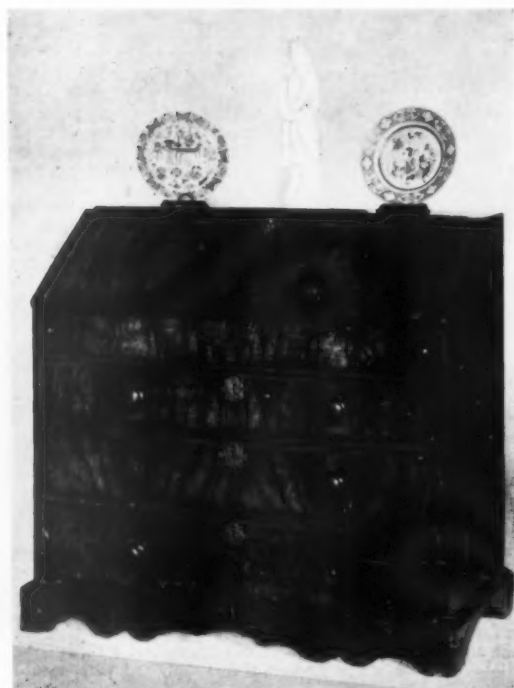


Fig. II. WALNUT BUREAU. Early XVIIIth Century. The brass loop or ring handles, too light for heavy drawers, have been replaced by knobs

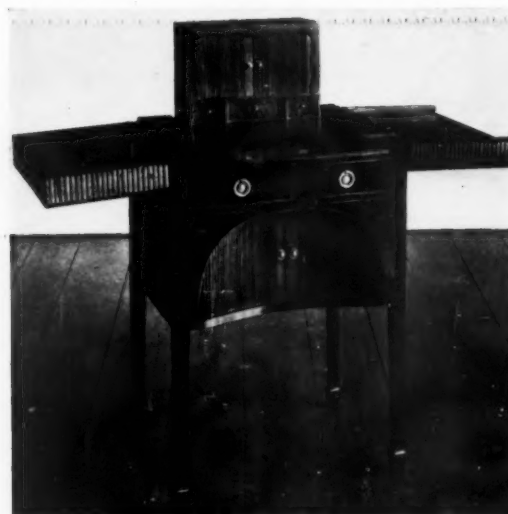


Fig. III. MAHOGANY HARLEQUIN WRITING-TABLE, with the harlequin fitting in position. Circa 1790

THE DESK AND SMALL BUREAU



Fig. IV. CYLINDER-FRONTED BUREAU in the French taste. Circa 1780. Showing effective treatment of matched veneers

XVIIIth century. This pattern was sometimes veneered with maple or pollarded oak, but very seldom with satinwood. Still greater storage room was provided by the bureau in two stages, always termed in XVIIIth century catalogues "a desk and bookcase."

The fittings of the interior of the desk are both interesting in themselves and as indicative of date. The customary arrangement is a central cupboard with drawers and pigeon-holes flanking it. The bureau does not usually provide interior fittings of such variety and distinction as the desk and bookcase. The centre cupboard with pillars on either side is often a movable unit that can be released by a spring. During the walnut age the compartments were often arranged to form fronts of contrasting curvature, while during the long period when mahogany was in general use the tendency was to discard curvature in the fittings and to attract interest by the use of applied frets, or by inlay. Sometimes the desk interior was carried out in a wood of contrasting colour, such as satinwood.

Towards the close of the XVIIIth century mechanical contrivances crept into the design of writing-desks and *escritoirs*, and the designer combined ingenuity and elegance in his pieces with harlequin fittings, tambour slides, and cylinder fronts. The mahogany writing-table (Fig. III) shows two of these features, the harlequin fitting in position, and the tambour slides. The cylinder-front was another innovation of the late Georgian period, introduced between 1785 and 1790, instead of the hinged desk flap. The solid sliding cover was a quarter cylinder, which was raised and lowered by means of knobs fixed to the bottom edge. When raised, the cover travelled on tracks to a position behind the desk-fittings. Tambour covers made of small pieces of wood glued up to form a curve were also in use, and are illustrated in Heppelwhite's *Guide*. The bureau (Fig. IV) shows the effective treatment of matched veneers in tulipwood and mahogany and the shaping after French models, which is contemporary with the *Guide*. The legs and the lower portion of this piece are outlined by a broad cross banding, and the metal shoes on the cabriole legs are also in the French taste.

George II Three-Back Mahogany Settee

The wonderful quality of the settee illustrated on this page, and now in the possession of Hotspur Ltd. of Richmond, merits editorial comment, but the particular interest created by the recent finding of this outstanding example is due in part to the fact that the present owners already had in their possession a second settee of identical design.

That the pair of settees must have emanated from the same workshop is evidenced by certain similarities in construction, and it is of interest that these settees, parted probably many years ago through auction sales or family division, have now come together again.

Costly furniture of this calibre could only have been made for the important houses, in the early part of the XVIIIth century, and it is possible that these settees were once part of a large suite. In the past this striking design has been frequently attributed to Thos. Chippendale, but since research has established his birth date, this supposition must obviously be accepted with distinct reserve. Further, no such design figures in Chippendale's "Director," published in 1754.

During the reigns of Geo. I and Geo. II the craftsmanship of the cabinet-makers was outstandingly high, and the repeal of the import duty on mahogany by Sir Robert Walpole in 1733 was responsible for an immediate

The date of this pair of settees can be placed at circa 1735-45,



and they are similar to an example illustrated in "English Furniture of the XVIIIth Century," by H. Cescinsky, Vol. 2, Fig. XLI.

ON ASPECTS OF ART BY HERBERT FURST

As recorded on another page Herbert Furst died on the 16th October last

VENICE. Vividly I recall my first impression of *The Queen of the Adria* two score years ago; the sensations on emerging from a world of cabs and buses, of trains and railway stations, and suddenly finding myself in a different world, a world of liquid roads and foot-pathed, ancient houses; a world of a strange and fantastic past; like that of a woman, a once beautiful woman, long *passée* but still dressed in a ragged, dirty *negligée* of some long bygone fashion. Circumstances, I admit, were adverse. It happened to be the evening of a dismal day; at the hour when not all light but all colour had gone out of it. The canal a "Styx"; the black and shabby gondola a hearse, moving along at snail's speed. Somehow it did not feel real. The palaces and houses a badly battered stage set of a play that had had a long run. And so along some small canals, watery airless wynds, out, at last, to the *Riva degli Schiavoni* to open waters and with the familiar surroundings of hotel life, in which—one at least felt mentally safe—fully *compos mentis*. Curiosity, however, prevails. Out again for *St. Marks* and the *Piazza*; for *Guardi* and *Canaletto*. But no. For by now it was quite dark. Gaslight on the *Piazza*. The air still, under a canopy of blue-black velvet studded with silver pin-points of light. Concert hall music. Crowds promenading or sitting at café tables. The orchestra playing, in front of *St. Marks*: "Oh, Star of Eve . . .!" Is this Venice? We were "Two in a Gondola," romance plucking at our heart-strings, almost audibly. This was no Romance. So away to the lagoon. Another gondola. Lights and singing in the distance and the plucking of string music. "Funiculi, Funicula." . . . So one of us groans dejectedly: "Incredible!" and the other: "Doesn't it all remind one of Earls Court?" And it did. I must explain that the London "Venice" was one of the *Kiralfi's* star achievements, fresh in our minds then. To quote an authority: "In the Empress Theatre there had been erected a living city in miniature, which reproduced in faithful detail the most striking beauties and characteristics of the real Venice." It had some of this "characteristic detail," had, it seemed, since returned to Venice: I mean in particular the "ingleesh" speaking gondoliers and the importunate, multi-lingual touts.

That Exhibition, precisely because it was so "faithful" and intended as a tribute to the peculiar beauty of Venice, in truth did it an ill turn, for one could never get it out of one's head that this city, with its rickety palaces, and the shabby houses with their unsightly additions, the washing hanging out of the windows at the top and the smells coming out of them at the bottom, the leechy Touts around the *Piazza* was a kind of "Potemkin" affair, long ago erected and kept going for the benefit of "Tourism" or the gentle art of plucking pigeons. Even the Baedeker of the period advertised painters of considerable reputation (e.g., *Ettore Tito*, *Professor Passini*, *Eugène de Blaas*) along with booksellers, cigar merchants, antique dealers and other commercial firms.

Well, this was my experience, an experience which one had to try to shed before one could get down to the Venice one had come to see: the Venice of *Carpaccio*, of the *Bellini's* and of *Dürer*, of *Giorgione* and *Titian* and *Veronese* and *Tintoretto*, of *Turner*, to say nothing of *St. Marks* and the *Palazzi*, and the *Colleone*.

"Experience already reduced to a group of impressions," said *Pater*, "is ringed round for each one of us by that thick wall of personality through which no real voice has ever pierced on its way to us, or from us, to that which we can only conjecture to be without."

This quotation is to be found in an unusual book on Venice.* It propounds what amounts to a new aesthetic, based as much upon seeing as upon thinking, on fact as upon fancy, in which the mind is invited simultaneously to observe and the eye to imagine. It is not an easy book; paragraphs and sentences often compel one to re-read them again and again. I am not sure that its author cares as much for his readers as he does for the integrity of his own thought. He wrestles with his thoughts as *Jacob* with his God. Perhaps these may be summed up in a sentence taken from the "Envoi": "The most profound object of contemplation is the relationship of fantasy with reality, between the partial and the impartial."

It is in this spirit that he has contemplated, first, the sea city, and next, and at some length, one single Venetian picture—*Giorgione's* "Tempesta."

With the very first words of his prologue he throws out a challenge in an, at first, unintelligible generalization—unintelligible at least to one whose group of impressions have been so very different. "Venice," he says, "excels in blackness and whiteness; water brings commerce between them." And a few lines further on, arising from this, it would seem, incompatible relationship—light being the true "commercial" agent. "Commerce between mobile and static (lacking in modern streets), commerce between what thus becomes dramatically identified as well as contrasted, a deep and necessary commerce rather than interesting, provides the clue to Venice, to *Giorgione* and to all the greatest art." Not easy; not eye-leaping; but thought-compelling; and so with almost every sentence of this strange aesthetic.

The book seems a guide through Venice written, if that were thinkable, by a gondolier who knows its every stone, its every *rio* and *calle*, and the look of every nook and cranny; has memorised them for the use of himself as a philosopher, a student of what the author himself would call *surface impacts*, in accordance with his statement at the end of the book: "Consciousness is no more of the mind than the surface is of the sea." He is in search of that which lies below the surface.

It is all very deep, though the surface consciousness at times suggests an unexpected shallowness, which one feels sure is misleading. One wonders whether it may not be the prolonged contemplation of *photographs*, with their accidental felicities—or, maybe, infelicities—rather than the things they blindly record which have furnished the material for his philosophy.

At present, for example, I cannot "swallow" his analysis of a detail from the *Clock Tower* in the *Piazza*, reproduced as *Plate 9*, which he names as "the one that is most beautiful," and which he discusses twice. In the first comment and after a cursory reference to "White figures gleaming and flashing in the rich darkness of the archway" and "the scheme of Venetian painting, especially the miracle subjects of *Tintoretto*," it suggests to him (also perhaps from *photographs*?), he dwells on the architectural relation of rectangular and curved forms of the building, on the "transition from the circular to the rectangular base, the transition of the mouldings, etc.", of architectural form. Then comes a questionable remark: "Below the entablature," he says, "the curtains twinkle, giving great stretched straightness to the stone lines." One questions the relevance of the accidental "twinkle" of the curtains to the permanent stone. These doubts are strengthened when, at the conclusion of the first chapter, he reverts to the significance of this particular plate "for the purpose of the summing-up that carries the reader, if he be willing, beyond the context." One is willing to follow so stimulating and thoughtful a guide anywhere; and this is where he leads: "And so," he continues, "though I cannot deny that this photograph is exceedingly lucky in its accidents," he discovers that they, together with the permanent architectural features, have "the quality of a visual parable of unconscious, preconscious and conscious"; and he ropes into that parable such "correspondences" as that "the tic of the Talking man which descends to his femoral tourniquet point is 'summed,' 'expressed' by the straight thin shadow between the oblong and column sections of the pier; and the round back of the head of the boy in shadow resounds the porphyry dusk aloft. . . ."

This, it seems to me, to lead us not only "beyond the context," but beyond legitimate reasoning; or, at any rate, to a method of reasoning in which only a psycho-analyst could find significance.

So also with *GIORGIONE* and the author's interpretation of the *Tempesta*. I cannot, at present, accept his way of thinking. *Giorgione* was, I am sure, not "all that" obscure or complex in his subconscious mind or his "unconscious," and if we are to ignore the intentions—conscious or subconscious—to that extent, does "contemplation" not amount to *Leonardo's* theory about "looking attentively at old and smeared walls, or stones and veined marbles," only that our author carries it much further? "Any contemplation of the visual world is the scarring of the soul." He says: "Fantasies evoked by texture and chromatic interchange, purely aesthetic matters, expressed in terms of the senses can provide an immediate yet profound commentary upon life. . . ." *Leonardo* sought no commentary but only stimuli

**Adrian Stokes, "Venice, an Aspect of Art."* (Faber & Faber.) 10s. 6d. net.

CHINESE PORCELAIN—FABULOUS ANIMALS

for the inventive genius to new inventions; or at least ideas for a variety of compositions.

To me Giorgione's *Tempesta* is just that: a wonderful painting but a bad composition, lacking in pivotal balance, unless the ugly all-too-conspicuous brick plinth with its two stone columns—virtually resembling a brick chimney stack sunk in the ground—has some obscure but great significance. I cannot believe that they symbolize, consciously, preconsciously or even subconsciously, "The Cylinder and the Cube," the bare bones of the new Venice; the less so as—if it comes to that—the cube and the cylinder are the bare bones of almost every organic or inorganic structure.

At this point, however, I must remind myself and the reader that the author has written several volumes—which I have not studied—on what he calls the *Quattro cento process* for which the *Tempesta* provided the original stimulus. It behoves one, therefore, to study them all before venturing on a final judgment of a book and an author who has so original and interesting an outlook on Art.

CHINESE PORCELAIN— FABULOUS ANIMALS

By MRS. WILLOUGHBY HODGSON, F.R.S.A.

THE Ky-lin, or unicorn, is the fabulous animal most commonly met with in Chinese porcelain, sometimes as a statuette or more often surmounting the cover of some fine vase. This animal is an emblem of wise government and made its appearance before the birth of some sage or good ruler. It exhibited a benevolent regard for other animals and is represented as being covered with scales, has thick legs, cloven hooves and a bushy tail, the mouth is open, showing rows of teeth, and between the ears is a single horn.

The dragon is often met with moulded or incised in the paste or painted on porcelain. Two forms of this fabulous monster are well known, namely, that of the sea, called Li, and that of the sky, called Lung. The former is represented with a face like a monkey and the horns of a deer, behind which the hair stands out like little wings; it has a scaly, snake-like body and bird's claws, and is generally represented as surrounded by scroll-shaped shells or seaweed and with crested waves.

The dragon Lung has a head like a camel, eyes like a hare, the horns of a deer, and the ears of a cow; its body is covered with fish scales, and the claws are like those of a hawk. At each side of the mouth are whiskers, and in the beard is sometimes seen a pearl. The Chinese believed that this animal was capable of breathing out fire and water and that its voice was like the jangling of metal pans.

The dragon is the emblem of the Emperor, and on pieces of porcelain made for the Imperial use it is represented as having five claws, whilst on that made for princes and nobles it had four claws, and on specimens made for the use of ordinary individuals there were only three claws.

There are four kinds of Lung dragons, which are described as:
"The celestial dragon, which guards the mansion of the gods, and supports them so that they do not fall."

"The spiritual dragon, which causes the wind to blow and produces rain for the benefit of mankind."

"The dragon of the earth, that marks out the course of rivers and streams."

"The dragon of the hidden treasures which watches over the wealth concealed from mortals."

All these vary slightly in form, though they retain a dragon-like appearance.

A less important animal is the tortoise, whose shell was used by Chinese soothsayers. It is an emblem of long life; a well-known Chinese saying runs thus: "May your days be as long as the tortoise and stork."

The phoenix, or Feng-Huang, is a fabulous bird often seen on blue and white and on more elaborately decorated porcelain. This graceful bird is depicted as having the head of a crested pheasant and a long neck; the wings are generally spread, and the wonderful tail is sometimes almost conventional in design. The plumage was said to be of five brilliant colours representing the five cardinal virtues. The phoenix is the emblem of the Empress of China and is sometimes called the Ho-ho bird, or the

Feng-hoa, but the oldest name is Feng for the male, and Huang for the female.

This bird is probably based on the Argus pheasant and is said to be of so benevolent a disposition that it will not peck or injure living insects or tread on growing vegetation. A Chinese writer describes the Feng-huang as "resembling a wild swan before and a unicorn behind; it has the throat of a swallow, the bill of a cock, the neck of a snake, the tail of a fish, the forehead of a crane, the crown of a mandarin duck, the stripes of a dragon, and the vaulted back of a tortoise. It has the five colours of the five virtues, and is five cubits in height. The tail is graduated like Pandean pipes, and its song resembles the music of that instrument, having its modulations."

THE HORSES OF MUH-WANG

The eight horses of the Emperor Muh-Wang are often met with on porcelain both in blue underglaze and on pieces decorated in overglaze. It is said that during all his wanderings and many campaigns these horses, driven by the charioteer 'Tsar-fu, drew the Emperor "wherever wheel ruts ran and the hoofs of horses had trodden." A narrative of these journeyings is contained in the "Annals of the Bamboo Book," which dates from the second or third century and is still in existence. The horses were finally released from labour and allowed to end their days in well-earned rest. Judging by their appearance on porcelain, they badly needed it.

The deer (luh) depicted on Chinese porcelain denotes honour and success in study. Sometimes it carries the Yu-i, or Buddhist sceptre, in its mouth, signifying success in literature.

A goose means domestic felicity.

A mandarin duck is an emblem of wedded bliss.

A cock and hen on an artificial rock signifies the pleasure of country life.

The stork is emblematical of long life.

The bat signifies happiness.

A hare is considered emblematical of the moon.

Crickets are often met with on porcelain and are generally represented as fighting.

EXHIBITION OF NATIONAL TREASURES

A fascinating exhibition is being held at the Victoria and Albert Museum of the Royal Effigies, Sculpture and other Art from Westminster Abbey. These national treasures have been evacuated during the war and are on their way back to the Abbey, but the opportunity has been wisely taken of showing them at South Kensington. The exhibition, which will include such sculpture as the gilt bronze effigies of Henry IV, Eleanor of Castile, Richard I, and the Torrigiani Henry VII, and the stone figures from the Henry VII Chapel, is being organized by the Society of Antiquaries.

GERALD HOLLIS

Gerald Hollis, who, it now appears, is actually Miss Helena Gibbon, is holding an exhibition of thirty new paintings at the Brook Street Art Gallery. These paintings display a liveliness, a sense of design and a keen delight in colour skilfully and excitingly blended. Perhaps the sense of design is seen to best advantage in the groups of flowers, particularly Nos. 21 and 9. Obviously Miss Gibbon has a special liking for tulips. Unorthodox treatment is seen in "Clematis and Lacquer Table" and "Meadow Sweet in a Glass Jar." Here the flowers and the decorative backgrounds, vivid in colour, blend into an orchestration of paint that is sparkling and fluid. It is in Nos. 19, 24 and 25 that something really new is to be seen—corals and shells form a sort of under-sea landscape rendered in tones that suggest snow-covered branches surrounded by others in brilliant autumn tints. This grouping of colours around a central white theme is intriguing. There is one landscape, apart from small sketches, which alone should enhance the artist's reputation.

Miss Gibbon is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts and of the Central Institute of Art and Design, and is Assistant Curator of the Harris Museum and Art Gallery, Preston, Lancashire. She is an exhibitor at the Royal Academy and in many galleries in all parts of the world.

SALE ROOM PRICES

SEPTEMBER 19 to October 11. Furniture, Silver, Porcelain and Pictures, **ROBINSON AND FOSTER:** mahogany dining-room suite, £115; Sheraton wardrobe, £71; mahogany three-piece suite, £84; bow-front sideboard, £63; old English serpentine-front chest, £61; oak court cupboard, £76; pair lacquer cabinets, £69; walnut bedroom suite, £68; six Georgian chairs, £52; French upright escritoire, £65; mahogany bureau bookcase, satinwood banded, £63; walnut chest, £97; Worcester dessert service, 36 pieces, £48; George II coffee pot, 1733, £90; set four George III candlesticks, Birmingham, 1815, £74; George III two-handled soup tureen and cover, £80; The Village School, T. Webster, £103; The Antiquarians, on panel, A. Capobianchi, £92.

September 27. Decorative Furniture, **CHRISTIE'S:** Regency sideboard, £63; ten oak chairs, £94; Louis XVI walnut settee, £147; six panels of Gobelins Tapestries, £892; pair French writing-tables, £68; pair French encoignures, £168; Louis XV commode, £94; Louis XV upright secretaire, £168; pair Regency kingwood commodes, £252; Boulle writing-table, £199; old French walnut fire screen, £73; suite Louis XV furniture, two settees and five armchairs, £997; tulip cabinet, £78; Sheraton satinwood commode, £68; four Georgian chairs, £147; six Hepplewhite armchairs, £241; walnut cabinet, with folding doors, £220; Chippendale side table, £115; another, carved, £105; Chippendale bureau bookcase, £199; mahogany show cabinet, £399; pair red lacquer corner cupboards, £89; six walnut chairs, £90; three pairs pink brocade curtains, £157; two pairs red velvet curtains, £367; six walnut fauteuils, £115; four walnut bergères, £147; two walnut winged armchairs, £105; pair small gilt settees, £315; three gilt side tables, £84; oak draw table, 1667, £157.

October 4. Silver, **SOOTHEBY'S:** pair George III salvers, £142; tea service, 1829, £146; six salt cellars, 1740, £72; collection of caddy spoons, about 130, £110; William III tankard, 1700, £180; George II tea tray, 1766, £195; William III tankard, 1701, £100; Queen Anne tankard, £98; set of three caddies, 1769, £71.

October 4. Furniture and porcelain, **CHRISTIE'S:** Wedgwood dinner service, £84; Spode one, £92; pair Bow figures, boy and girl, £142; Dresden group, of lovers and harlequin, £441; clock, Brounker Watts, London, £71; Hepplewhite winged bookcase, £346; oak table, £52; pair Italian cabinets, XVIIIth century, £76; mahogany pedestal sideboard, £100.

October 5. Ceramics and Furniture, **SOOTHEBY'S:** set of two bowls and four ship's decanters, £200; ruby tinted glass table service, £95; large collection of cameos, £135; set 101 cameos and intaglios, £350; gold snuff box, French XVIIIth century, £440; Meissen tea and coffee service, £520; Meissen dinner service, £580; Chinese ginger jar, K'an Hsi, £68; shell model of H.M.S. Centurion, £660; Stuart armchair, £76; lacquer cabinet, £108; Stuart oak chest, £85; early Georgian cabinet, £365; set six Daniel Marot chairs, £260; George II walnut tallboy, £200; Dutch bureau bookcase, £95; and another one, £110; XVIIIth century writing-desk, £160; Queen Anne walnut bureau, £200; small Queen Anne bureau, £300; and another, £210; Georgian writing-table, £120; pair Sheraton work-tables, £145; and pair of Sheraton writing-tables, £100; Chippendale Pembroke table, £90; XVIIIth century semi-circular card table, £105; pair George pedestal bookcases, £95; George II dwarf wardrobe, £62; and a hanging cupboard, £135; Sheraton breakfast table, £70; Carlton house writing-

table, £320; Chippendale pole screen, £185; fourteen Georgian dining chairs, £220; and twelve single same as the previous, £140; twelve Trafalgar dining chairs, £160; set sixteen Sheraton dining chairs, £180; eleven ladder-back Chippendale dining chairs, £500; six Bergere chairs, £310; six Chippendale armchairs, £330; Georgian dining table, £190; Louis XV tulip writing-table, £375; Louis XVI Bonheur du jour, £180; Regency pedestal bookcase, £115; Regency side table, £95.

October 5. Modern Pictures and Water-colour Drawings, **CHRISTIE'S:** drawings: Ben Vorlich, Copley Fielding, £89; Margate from the Sea, Whiting Fishing, by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., 16½ x 25½ in., here illustrated. It was engraved in mezzotint by T. Lupton, 1825; it has also been reproduced in chromolithograph; and was originally in the Windus Collection, £2,415; Portrait of a Lady, F. Cotes, R.A., £178; Gathering Heather in Cheshire, David Cox, £304; Sunset in the Highlands, Copley Fielding, £273; The Market Place, Malines, S. Prout, £231; Portrait of a gentleman, Quentin de la Tour, £315; A Swiss Lake Scene, J. M. W. Turner, £110; A Sandy Common, D. Cox, £94; Carnarvon Castle, P. de Wint, £175; and High Street, Eton, by the same, £173; The Weald of Surrey, Birkett Foster, £2,152; La Legende de Joseph, Edmund Dulac, £462; Pictures: Flowers in Vase, J. Baptiste, £100; Maternity, B. de Hoog, £58; The Old Horse Ferry, D. Roberts, and Saint Paul's from Waterloo, £220; The Deer Pass, Landseer, £546; Dutch town on Canal, J. Maris, £89; two: Bull Fighting, and a Spanish Dancer, £262.

October 8. Porcelain, **SOOTHEBY'S:** pair Derby Chinoiserie candlesticks, Planche period, £94; pair Derby figures, the dancers, £155; Derby figures, Lady and Gallant, £88; group Bow of Muses type, £80; Bow, figure of flower girl, £100; pair Bow figures, New Dancers, £80; pair figures, Musicians, mark, an anchor and dagger in red, £185; Bow blue pot, pourri vase and cover, £350; Chelsea silver shape teapot, £85; Chelsea octagonal vase,



MARGATE FROM THE SEA
Watercolour Drawing

By J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

Purchased by the Mitchell Galleries at Christie's, October 5

21½ in., £105; pair Chelsea-Derby vases, by Askew, £200; Chelsea set of the four elements, £350; Chelsea group of Shepherd and Shepherdess, £100; large Chelsea melon, £90.

October 11. Silver, **SOOTHEBY'S:** pair Geo. III salvers, 1819, £195; set six waiters, London, 1799, £175; twelve meat plates, Benj. Smith, London, 1805, £180; George I cupping bowl, 1724, £82; set four Queen Anne candlesticks, 1702, £295; pair similar, Andre Raven, £235; pair Geo. I candlesticks, 1718, £175; Scandinavian peg tankard, XVIIth century, £200; set six sweetmeat baskets, 1769, £255; James II jug of helmet shape, 1686, £720; pair wine coolers, 1805, £170; pair soup tureens and covers, 1796, £260; pair vegetable dishes with liners, Joh. Parker, £235; George I tea tray, oblong, 19½ in., by Bowles Nash, London, 1724, £1,620; Queen Anne loving cup and cover, London, 1711, £570; pair Queen Anne water jugs and covers, Samuel Pantin, £1,420; a gold George III cup and cover, London, 1764, £1,606; Queen Anne hot water jug, 1710, £200; George I Irish coffee pot, 1714, £150; Charles II tankard, 1679, £200; George III centre piece, 1817, £140; George II jug, 1735, £150; George I tankard, 1714, £125.

October 12. Pictures, **CHRISTIE'S:** Lord Nelson. L. F. Abbott, £273; Woody Riverscene, Claude de Lorraine, £630; Fruit and Wine Glass, J. D. de Heem, £194; Flowers and Vase, J. van Huysum, £672; Philip le Bel, Mabuse, £756; Flowers in Vase, S. Verelst, £861.

There will no doubt be a crowd at Christie's on November 9, when the late Edward Nettelfold's collection of the works of the great English painter, David Cox, are disposed of; it includes some of his best known pictures.